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TWILIGHT MEMORIES

BROWNE

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MRS. S. J. BROWNE

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Written by

MRS. S. J. BROWNE

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FOREWORD

Dear children, since as teachers and scholars, neighbors and friends, we have so often met in the Past to the benefit of all, my heart longs to leave with you something that at times may call forth a kindly thought after my work is done and Christ has called me Home. With this end in view, I bring to you Twilight Memories,—therein I have given you my best thoughts, and I have tried to gather from many sources the purest and best from other minds. Read this book, and as you read, open the door of your heart and let the light of God shine in, and bless your daily life. In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct your path.

To my dear young friend Irene, I dedicate this book. But for her kind help and sweet encouragement, Twilight Memories had never seen the light of day. May God's richest blessings crown her life.

CRITERION.

Standing in an open doorway, I heard a young girl, in speaking of a friend, say, I know of no one that I would as soon take for my criterion as she. Children, that thought struck deeply into my heart, and I thought what a glorious world this would be if each dear child in every home could have God-fearing parents, and would take their praying mother for their criterion and leader.

Blessed, thrice blessed, are the children whose early years of life are spent with God-fearing parents. A child may tire of repeated instructions, and in their innocence may think that mothers make too much of God's laws and of obedience and honor, too much of asking God's help in ordinary things of life.

But children, a praying mother knows the way to Christ in times of trouble, and one of the most blessed memories of your life will be to know that at every trying hour of your life your praying mother is first, first in your behalf at the throne of grace, laying you, her child, her treasure, on the altar of her love, giving you to Christ and pleading His promise, that if you obey His laws, He will save you by His power.

Well does a praying mother know that if she will train up a child in the way he should go that when he is old it will not depart from it.

A praying mother knows that He shall feed His flock like a shepherd. He shall gather the lambs in His arms and carry them in His bosom.

A praying mother knows that the Lord is her light and her salvation. Whom shall she fear, the Lord is the strength of her life. Of whom shall she be afraid? It is sweet to hear a good mother say, He is my Rock. His work is perfect. For all His ways are judgment. A God of truth and without iniquity, just and right is He. How well a praying mother knows that like as a father pitieth his chil-

dren, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him. He knoweth our frame. He remembereth that we are but dust. No one better than a mother knows that God is a father to the fatherless, a judge of the widows is God in His holy habitation. For Thou God art good and ready to forgive, and plenteous in mercy to all them that call upon Thee. In the day of my trouble, I will call upon thee, for thou wilt answer me.

A GIFT OF CARDS AND FLOWERS.

Dear Friend: I cannot tell you how glad I was to receive from you the fine donation of flowers and cards,—of all things these dear little messages of love that we can give to the sick children, cards and flowers are among the best. Ah, dear friend, if you could stand with me at the side of those many cots on which lay the suffering little ones and see, in spite of the pain, how their eyes brighten and their poor little hearts are made glad at the sight of cards or flowers, or anything that is given to them (all for their very own), I am sure, dear, it would do you good and make you thank God that He called you to help in so good a cause.

At the risk of making you weary, dear, I want to tell you something of which I had the pleasure to take part in not so long ago. Nine little girls, with an older woman to guide them, sent flowers to the Hospitals, and, one day, they conceived this idea, that they would put the flowers up in small bunches and send them to Miss ....., a nurse I knew well, and ask her to lay a bunch of flowers on the pillow of each child in the early morning. We had sent thirty-six small bunches to cheer the hearts, at least for a time, of thirty-six suffering children. I think I can see the dear ones as they each would find their own. The dear little children,—they have their

share of life's ills, and it is a poor specimen of womanhood that will not be kind to them. I think I must tell you, too, of the letters that were sent to be read to those nine little girls,—personal letters that I am sure would do good, for they will prove an incentive for future deeds and greater service.

I thank you, dear, for the very kind invitation you sent me to visit you, and I will try to spend some time with you in the near future; and when I come, I will go with you to see the sick children, for oh, I love the children.

For in them you can see
The truth, the love, the honor,
Of good lives soon to be.

Lovingly, Mrs. S. J. Brown

A STORY OF THE FLOWERS.

Talking of sowing seed, children bring to my mind the memory of one day of seed sowing in my childhood which will never be effaced.

It was on a Sabbath afternoon. Father took the four little girls for a walk. Going in a different direction from that in which we usually went, we passed a fine big house with a wide well-kept lawn in front of it. That did not attract our attention, but as we came to the side, we saw a garden. What a beautiful sight! Flowers, flowers everywhere. I never saw so many, and oh, I could not leave them. Those big white ones. Oh, how sweet. I did not want to walk, but to look, and taking hold of the fence, I proceeded to feast my eyes on beauty. Presently I heard my father say, "Come child, don't stand there staring. The lady will not like it." But I was entranced. I did not want to go. "Please, father, let me stay. You can take the girls to walk, but let me stay here and look." Just then the lady came down and said, "What is wrong? Is someone

hurt?" "No," said father, "My little maid has lost her heart to your flowers, and doesn't want to leave them." "Oh, I am glad if that is it. Come up to the entrance, all of you, and come in." "No, thank you," said father, "we will not trouble you." But the lady would have her way, and kept up the pleading. "Do please, father, go in. I want to touch those big white ones, the lillies."

I do not know what came over me that day. I forgot to be obedient to my father, and forgot I was with a stranger. I forgot everything except those glorious flowers. I tell you, children, that on that day and in that hour, the love of flowers and the love of beauty, and I do believe the love of God who could make such glorious things, was implanted in my childish heart, never to be effaced.

Making a bee-line for the white flowers, I was content. The rest might wander all around the garden if they chose, but not I. I wanted to stay and see those beauties and drink in their glorious sweetness. I was standing feasting all my childish senses on the beauty around me, when I heard the lady say, "Little girl, stand very still, and you will see something else that is pretty." As she spoke, there came to the little bed a dear little Humming Bird, pretty indeed. It flitted for a time from flower to flower. It paused for an instant over a big white flower, and, holding itself still by some magic, it proceeded to enter deep into the heart of a lily. That was too much for me, and I cried out, "Oh, it will hurt the flower. Take it away!" The charm was broken, and the bird flew away. Father and my sisters came up, and father said, " Now, little flock, we must go home." As I turned to obey, the lady took me by the hand and said, "No, not yet." "William," she called, "take these children and their father down to the summer-house, and give them some pears." Still another pleasure for us on that happy day! Of course, we all enjoyed the pears, and not the pears

only, for the lady brought us a huge plate of gingerbread. Such a treat! We children were in our glory. But father kept saying, "We must go." And at last we did start up through the garden. As we came to the lily bed, I saw, to my childish amazement, that many of the dear flowers were gone! I hid my head against the lady's dress and cried for the loss of the sweet flowers. I knew not then, dear ones, but I know now, that the sweetest flower in that garden was the lady herself. As she put her arms around me and said, "Come, child, don't cry. I will find the lillies. Don't cry," she stooped and kissed my face, wet with tears though it was. I fear my father was ashamed of me that day, but I was carried away by my enthusiasm, and could not contain myself. Once again we started home, and as we came to the entrance, we were met by William with a big bunch of flowers of all colors. There was a big bunch for each of the three girls and one for Father. But, oh joy, I was the happy one. There stood the dear lady with so many big white lillies that I feared I could not carry them home. Father said, "You carry mine, dear, and I will take yours. You have so many." I kissed the dear lillies and said, "Don't hurt them, please." (You might laugh at that, but as this is a true story, I will tell it in truth.) We now had but one thought—to share our treasures with our dear mother. We gave a cordial invitation to our new-found friend to come and visit us, to let our invalid mother give her meed of thanks for the happiness given to her little flock. Dear mother, we did not know that there had been seed sown in the heart of that blessed lovely woman that day that would spring up and make her be to my mother a blessing, a comfort and a friend in all her days of pain and sickness, and even after my mother's death, that dear woman was to us all a comfort, a dear friend, and a blessing.

A LETTER TO THE CLASS.

Dear Ones: I long to come to you again. I did so enjoy your sweet confidences, and then too, I like the heart garden work that we have set ourselves. Yes, May, you are right—there was indeed some seed sown the day we took the walk, and now as there are five in this flock as there were in the one that settled for a time in that garden, suppose each one tells what seed was sown and in whose garden, and by whom. Now, dear ones, I cannot come to you for one week, and I tell you what let us do. Each one write out their own thoughts and ideas on that pleasure trip. I wish, girls, we could interest some of your neighbor's children in this project of ours, and we might then help to keep them from throwing stones and fighting, so you see, children, there is room in all our hearts for much good seed, but we would have to plant our seed with care and fervent prayer, and then wait for the God of the harvest to give the increase, but we can each one do what we know to be right, and our Leader will keep us in the right path, so let us take him for our guide.

In early youth give God your heart
And plant the precious seed
Of love and kindness, truth and right,
As you find life hath need.

Then, at life's close the blessed star
Of Bethlehem will shine
Into your heart, and Christ will lead
You home by right divine.

A CROWN OF LIFE.

Come children, I told you I would tell you a story if you were good. Let us go to your mother and see about it. May I have the girls for a short

time? They want a story told them for being good. Yes, you may tell them a story if you want to, but I tell you you are only wasting your time. Your stories will soon grow old and the young ones will just be as bad as ever. I tell you I am sick of it all. I am tired of living. You don't know what I have to put up with. How could you?

Children dear, let us not tell our story until after supper. Run out now, and be good.

Poor tired mother, I did not know that you were discouraged. What can I do to help you?

Nothing, I don't want any one to help me. I tell you this work is never done. It is too much for any woman, and as I said before, I am sick of it. What is life anyway?

Poor weary heart, don't think like that. What is in your life? Let us see, God has blessed you with good health, good friends, a pleasant home, a good kind husband, and five young ones, did you say? Yes, young they may be, those dear little heavenly blessings. But mother, are they not worthy to be called by the name God gave them—children? Think you, dear mother, these bright, beautiful flowers growing up in your pathway, wafting the sweet fragrance of childish love and incense to you at every breath. Think you God asks too much of you when He says, Persevere to the end, and I will give you a crown of life. A crown of life, for what? For this, my friend, for the good seed you are sowing in the hearts of your children, for all the sweet lessons you can teach them, and only a mother can teach; for all your daily labors, for all your sleepless nights, God pays you for it all. God is no one's debtor. He has said to each of us. Do your duty, and I will do mine. If you will live a Christian life, give God your heart and sow the seeds of righteousness and persevere to the end, He will give you a crown of life. Is it not worth living for? Surely, my friend, but if we will not, and will persist in sow-

ing the seeds of death around us, what can we hope for, but our own undoing? We are all sowers of seed and sow we must for good or ill. We can choose the kind of seed we wish to sow, but we must know this, that the harvest we shall reap is an eternal one. Oh, friend, let us heed our God when He says, Choose you this day whom ye will serve, and believe Him also when He says, Persevere to the end and I will give you a crown of life.

A VISIT.

Well, good morning, dear ones, here I am again. Your mother wrote to me and gave me such a sweet kind invitation to come that I could not resist. Shall I tell you what she said? Well, this in part: "Dear friend, I think I, too, will take to telling stories like you, for indeed, the children are not nearly as unruly as they were before you came. So do come again, and tell all the stories you want to. Never again will I think it time wasted. Come on Monday for sure." Was not that sweet of her? But girls, let me tell you, it was not the stories that made you better, and if not them, what was it? I should like to know, would not you? Well, let us make a bargain. I will tell you a story—one today, one tomorrow, and one on the next day, and on the fourth day, Thursday, each one of us will tell what we think made the change for the better. Is that a bargain? Don't say yes unless you mean it, for our word is one of the most precious things we own. If our word is not good, then we are not good. So let us always tell the truth, defend the truth and live the truth. Show me Thy ways, O Lord, teach me Thy paths, lead me in Thy truth, and teach me the Bible.

CLASS NUMBER 7.

I believe this lesson was to be on the gathering and sowing of seed. Are we ready? May, you are first. Yes child, you are right. There were many seeds sown that day that took root and grew in the heart-garden of those children. Tell us, May, who you think sowed the first seed in that garden? I think that father who took the children walking sowed some good seed, even before he went into the garden. See how kind and patient he was. When the little girl ran up the steps to look at the flowers, he did not yell at her and say, Come on, I tell you, or say, Next time you will stay at home, as many fathers would have done. He came back and spoke kindly to the child and called her his little maid. He was so nice, I liked him. I think he had seed of gentleness in his heart and was planting it deep in the hearts of his children. You are right, May. Gentle living is a bright flower that gladdens every life it touches and blessed are they that sow that precious seed. Next. I may not have the right ideas, but I do think that little bird sowed some good seed. If it were only a humming-bird, it had been in the garden and had gone from one flower to another and tried them all, and he found that if he would go straight to the lily-bed he would get more pure food from one big fountain in a lily heart than by flitting from flower to flower, so I think the dear bird sowed the seed of contentment, don't you? Yes, dear child, the bird made it plain to us that we, having found the fountain of life-giving waters, we should therewith be content. We know that our Guide-book tells us that Godliness with contentment is great gain. Jean, you are next. Did not the lady's husband gather some good ripe seeds of patience while he waited on all that flock of children, and his two friends had to stand and wait, for he had said

he would go with them to see the new canal-bed. He just waited as pleasant as could be, and I think he gathered lots of seeds of patience. Yes, dear girl, you are teaching your teacher, now. I should not have thought of the men. But this we know, there is not one of us can live a good or happy life unless we learn to sow the seed of patience in our own lives, and in the lives of our friends. Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing. Let us all grow a big crop of patience, as it is one of God's best gifts to us all. Well, are you ready. Come dear, don't be backward. Pure thoughts need never make you hesitate to express them. Read your paper. This is only a lesson in thinking. You know I thought of the flowers themselves. I never thought about it before, but those flowers that day were busy sowing the seed of God's love and care. We look from nature up to nature, God, and stand in awe before His power. I think the flowers sow seeds of God's love in every heart. Yes dear ones, as long as the love of God fills our hearts, we will be happy in doing His will and planting seed for our eternal harvest. I will take the lady for my seed sower, that day I think her heart was like her garden, overflowing with seeds of love, kindness, mercy, generosity, obedience to her Father's command. For freely she received and gladly of her abundance she freely gave. May we all profit by our seed gathering and sowing.

GATHERING SEED.

Well, dear ones, since we have been so successful in finding seed, let us get to work and plant all kinds of good seeds in our hearts, and in the hearts of all around us. We all know this fact, that we must serve one of two. Master, we cannot stand and look idly on while others around us are sowing

for a future harvest. Choose you this day whom you will serve, and let us all remember that for all our thoughts and actions, we must give to God our Judge a strict account.

TO A FRIEND.

Dear Friend, happy mother, I was rejoiced to receive your letter, and dear, such a letter; it spoke so eloquently of that love that you and I talked about, the love of God for weary souls. You say, dear, that you feel like a new creature. Thank God, my dear friend, you are indeed now being renewed in the spirit of your mind, all old heartaches, all discontent, all bitter memories have been drowned in the deep water of love that has filled your soul to overflowing, and do you see where that overflow of love has already formed a channel straight into the heart of your children? It was not our stories, dear, that had an influence on the children for good. It was the overflow of the love wherewith God has filled your own soul. That is made plain from the fact that Loula, your eldest girl, wants to join the church. I am so glad to hear that, but you say dear, your mother is not willing, says the child is too young. Be that as it may. This I know, that as soon as I began to think about living and dying, I became anxious. I thought of how my mother had prayed that we might all be early awakened and each one be brought in young days to seek Christ, to join the church and live a clean Christian life. How I did want my mother then. I was not quite twelve years of age, and dear, the very thing you speak of was my trouble. I was told to stop thinking of such things, as I could not know my own mind, stop such thinking! How could I stop. I could not stop, knowing that I was in danger of dying any day, and how could I stop thinking of the hereafter. Oh, the

agony of those days, and nights. I was not too young to fear death, not too young to know that I wanted to have God's love save me. And dear friend, in that dark hour, I was not too young to see the light of Christ, when he came to give me a new life and fill me with love for Him. And this too, let me say, my friend, I was not too young to hold on to that glorious gift that was then given me, when Christ spoke peace to my childish soul and filled me so full of love that my heart has always been overflowing, full of pity and love for all children. Many times I have had it told me that I was foolish to love children so, but herein you find my reason. Freely you have received, freely give. My letter grows long, dear. I will only speak whereof I know, when I say, Pray to your Father for the child, and I know, too, that a mother never comes into her fullness of life until she can take all that she loves on earth and puts and keeps all in the dear Father's care by constant, fervent belief in prayer.

My letter grows, but I know what has passed in my own life, and to live is to know. Dear, you will be always safe, when you are not sure of the right, if then you will kneel at your Father's throne and ask Him for wisdom. You will always receive an answer. Pray for your daughter, and God's word stands unbroken, that He will lead her safely and surely by His spirit.

Dear, you ask me to write your mother a letter. I will if you think it wise. She does not understand my motives, and therefore does not have faith in my actions, but I will write her and trust God for the power to influence her heart.

Do you know that a mother never comes into her own until she stands just where you stand today, a Christian yourself, and praying earnestly and believing for each loved one.

Ask, and ye shall receive. Seek, and ye shall find. Knock, and it shall be opened unto you.

BOB, OUR WILLING WORKER.

CHARLES DICKENS.

The early life of Charles Dickens was one of drudgery. His father was thrown into prison for debt, and for a while his family went to keep him company. Charles afterward said: "If it had not been for the mercy of God he might have been a robber or a vagabond."

William Lloyd Garrison, "The Apostle of Emancipation," at three years of age, faced the direst poverty. His devoted mother earned a livelihood for herself and children by going from home to home nursing the sick wherever needed. On days of public gatherings Lloyd aided her, as best he could by selling sticks of molasses candy which his mother had made.

Rodney ("Gypsy") Smith's father was a maker of baskets, clothespins and tinware; and it frequently devolved upon young Rodney to go out and sell his father's wares wherever he could. The lad was converted and became one of the world's most successful evangelists. An English daily pronounced him "One of the finest exponents of the possibilities of the Anglo-Saxon speech since the days of John Bright".

James A. Garfield, the 20th President of the United States, was born in a log cabin. A few months later his father died, leaving the widow in poverty. His mother put in crops, split rails, put up fences, and for a time lived on but one meal a day to save food for her boys. The future president, at four years of age, was carried to school on the back of his sister.

Daniel Webster was pitifully weak when a lad and his friends said he could not live. Hardship and privation were two of his lowly stepping stones to greatness. At a country store he bought a handkerchief on which the Constitution of the United States was printed, the reading of which helped direct his ambition to the service of his country. His reply to Hayne made him immortal. D. R. M.

A TRIP UP PIKE'S PEAK.

When we arrived in Colorado, naturally the first thing we wanted to see was Pike's Peak, and after seeing it, to go to its summit.

So one morning early in September, we started to prepare for our journey. First father hired a guide—Ezekiel Bateman, by name, and he, in turn hired two sturdy little donkeys for us to ride.

I really hadn't feared, or even thought much about this trip, until we came to the foot of the mountain, from where we were to start.

Then as I surveyed that towering mass of rock and earth, with its narrow, winding path, and overhanging ledges, and looked at those donkeys, who were to take us, I wished heartily that we weren't going. For I had never seen anything before look so frail, little, or insignificant, as those three donkeys did, standing there with drooping heads, waiting for us to mount.

The donkey I was to ride, was a dull gray, with large, floppy ears, and eyes absolutely void of expression. He seemed even smaller to me than the other two, but the guide declared he was one of the most sure-footed beasts in the valley.

At last we started, the guide going first, myself next; and father last.

Before starting, however, Bateman helped me mount, and then said all I should do was hold on tight, but not try to guide the donkey.

He need not have told me to hold on, as I intended to do that, and gripped the reins with both hands.

As we mounted higher, father and Bateman, kept talking back and forth, discussing the scenery, and different points of interest along the way, but I was too busy holding on to look at anything.

Every time the donkey stepped on a stone, or

swerved the least bit, I thought he was surely going to fall.

When we had ascended about a thousand feet, the path became narrower, and as we turned a sharp bend, what was our amazement and chagrin, to see a large stone blocking our way, it looked like an immense boulder to me.

The path here was not more than two feet wide, with an absolutely unscalable cliff on one side, and a sheer drop of a thousand feet on the other.

Even the guide looked serious, but as we sat there, not daring to move, Bateman thought of a plan.

He carefully slid from his donkey, and with one foot on the ground, the other suspended in mid-air, and with one hand gripping the reins, he pushed with all his strength on the rock, and finally with a deadening crash, it fell over the precipice.

After this experience, we proceeded a little more carefully. However, I soon found out, that the donkey hadn't the least intention of falling, and I began to look around.

The view was beautiful. Far below us I could see a tiny hamlet, nestling among the hills. The houses seemed little larger than doll-houses, and the people were indistinguishable. I remembered having seen a good sized stream running through there, but from this great distance it looked like a silvery thread winding in and out.

The top and bottom of the mountain opposite us, presented a striking contrast. The top was covered with ice and snow, while at the foot, the trees were covered with bright autumn leaves.

We mounted higher and higher, and at last reached the summit of the peak. I was very tired by this time, but as father and I stood there on top of the mountain, and surveyed the magnificent scene before us, we both agreed it was well worth all our hardships.

—Marian V. Elder.

MABEL'S LESSON.

Well, children, another story is due you as a class, so I want to tell you about little Mabel. You have not forgotten her I know. Well, after the sad experience, the dear Lord saw fit to have her transplanted in a town some distance away from where she endured so much, into the home and hearts of a dear old couple who were quite wealthy, but childless. The new Uncle and Aunt, as she was told to call them, loved the child and the little girl was so happy she would say, I am going to always be good and stay here, for this is a part of my mother's heaven. Her love for her new friends knew no bounds. She would not do or say aught that she thought would offend, but how easily we fall. The story of her childish prank was this. Someone gave the child some red and white paper, such as cotton was wrapped in, and sitting out under the big maple tree with her play, the thought came to her, Oh, I will have some fun, I will fool Aunt Julia, so for her to think was to do, and she at once proceeded to cut and make (as she was fond of doing) small red and white roses, quite small flowers of the rose family, and taking some wire from an old broom, she made each one so that it would stand upright if stuck in the ground. The child was happy in her play, and no thought of wrong-doing assailed her. She went to bed happy in the thought of the fun she would have in seeing Aunt Julia surprised, for well she knew that each day those budding bushes were watched for the first full bloom flowers. Rising betimes in the morning, she walked across the wide lawn, and went to the tiny rose bushes she had seen her Aunt Julia examine each day, and there she planted her wires so that the blooms could be seen from the dining room window. Breakfast over at last, and yet no move was made. Aunt Julia and her

three visitors sat talking until the sweet notes of a robin rang out as he sang his good morning praise in the big tree. Aunt Julia must needs see the bird, and coming to the window, her eye at once caught sight of her roses. Across the room she sped, and calling to her visitors to come, the dear old lady came down the steps and cut through the wet grass to see her treasures. She being in the lead, arrived first, and stooping down to admire, she saw at once she had been sold. She stood and waited until the others came up. Girls, what do you think that poor child felt like. She met her Aunt at the door, and begged her forgiveness with tears. She thought of course, she would be sent back to those dreadful people, and her first thought was—I did not ask God to help me to be good and now I will have to go away, and I will never get to go to school. Poor child, the height of earthly ambition was to go to school, and now, poor little girl, what a price to pay for her fun. Aunt Julia laid her hand upon the child's head, and quietly said, And you would do that to me, to me who loved you so? and stooping she kissed the child, and said, Come to my room at ten. I will take you up town. The cry of the poor child was, Why did I do it, Oh, I was going to be so good, and now, poor child. Promptly at ten, she wrapped at her aunt's door, and was told to get a market basket,—the delight of her life had been to go to market, and now this would be the last time. Why did she do it? After going to all the usual places, the basket was sent home by a boy. Her aunt slipped into a drug store and said to the clerk, Do you have colored paper for sale here, I do not know what you call them. And as he set a large box on the counter, filled with all colors of tissues, Aunt Julia said, I will give you something to play with, dear. Poor Mabel. Now indeed her heart was broken, and throwing herself into Aunt Julia's arms, she cried, Oh, don't send me away, I don't want anything, only to stay with you and love

you. Don't send me away, only let me stay with you and love you and go to school, and I will try so hard to be good. Oh Aunt Julia, if you send me away, I will never get to go to school, and I do want to learn to be a good woman like you. Oh, I could never never be good away from you, and I will ask God every morning and night to make be just what I should be, to make you glad. You won't send me away, will you Auntie? My child, what put that into your head? I had no thought of sending you away. I love you dear. Come let us go home, and forgetting all about the bright papers offered her, forgetting all, only that she was still to have her home in this earthly paradise, she resolved that she would strive to be worthy of the wondrous gift of love that had been given her. You see girls, that child had been through the fires of misfortune, unkind treatment and unjust punishment had been her life for three years, and now to receive such love and forgiveness and such a home, it was small wonder she went home with Aunt Julia a happy child. Well, as these are true stories, I must tell you that that same evening Mabel was called into her aunt's room, there to receive a gift of a whole box of flower-making material that was the delight of her heart for years. And girls, let me say this, the blessed memories of that home of love and mercy were the mainspring of that child's future happy life. Dear ones, let love rule your hearts as it rules God's heaven, and you will be happy in God's love.

LEST WE FORGET.

I will stand upon my watch and set me upon the tower, and I will watch to see what he shall say to me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved. —(Hab. 2:17).

If thou draw out thy soul to the hungry and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shalt thy light rise in obscurity and thy darkness be as the noonday.—(Is. 5:10).

If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of my Father which is in heaven. (Matt. 18:19)

Come and learn all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul. I cried to Him with my mouth and he was extoled with my tongue. If I regard iniquity, He will not hear me. But verily, God hath heard me. He hath attended to the voice of my prayer. Blessed be God that hath not turned away my prayer nor His mercies from me. (Ps. 66:16).

And they that know Thy name will put their trust in Thee, for their God hath not forsaken them that seek Thee.—(Bible.)

Who shall ascend unto the hill of the Lord? He that hath clean hands and a pure heart.—(Bible)

A wise man's heart is in his right hand, but a fool's heart is in his left.

Cast thy bread upon the waters, for thou shalt find it after many days.

In the morning, sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thy hand for thou knowest not whither shall prosper either this or that or whether they both shall be alike good.

I waited patiently for the Lord, and He inclined His ear unto me, and heard my cry. He brought me up out of an horrible pit, out of the miry clay and set my feet upon a rock, and established my going. And He hath put a new song in my mouth even praise to our God. Many shall see it and fear and shall trust in the Lord.—(Ps. 40:41).

I have been young and now I am old. Yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, or his seed begging bread.—(Ps. 37:25).

Know ye not that ye are the temple of God and

that the spirit of God dwelleth in you.—(I. Cor. 3:16) O, that thou hadst hearkened to my commandments, then had thy peace been as a river and thy righteousness as the waves of the sea.—(Is. 48).

For we all must appear before the Judgment Seat of Christ that everyone may receive the things done in his body.—(II. Cor. 5:10). The Lord is good, a stronghold in the day of trouble and He knoweth them that trust in Him.—(Bible). The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want, my cup runneth over.—(Ps. 23, 1:5). Let us not be weary in well doing, for in due season we shall reap if we faint not.—(Gal. 6:9).

Pay thy vows to the Most High and call upon Me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee and thou shall glorify me.—(Ps. 50:15). He hath showed thee, O man, what is good, and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.—(Mic. 6:8).

—Bible.

MULBERRY TREE.

One morning, as we small children were eating our breakfast, we heard a rap on the kitchen door, and I, slipping quietly to the door (which, by the way, was an act of disobedience on my part) I heard this good news—just what we had waited for two weeks to hear. (You see, children, it was this way.) This island was given over all summer to ducks, geese and children, except just when we all wanted to go the worst, when the big dear mulberry tree was getting ripe. When, two weeks before, we started to cross the bridge to our dearly loved playground, we saw three big signs all reading alike—No trespassing. Stay off the island until after we shake the mulberry tree! We had waited these two

long weeks, and now the ban was lifted, and here was Lorina, a little girl of twelve, whom we all loved dearly, saying to our older sister, "Mr. Phillips sent me to tell your mother that we are going to shake the big tree today, and he wants her flock to come. Don't come too early and don't be late. Mr. Phillips says just get there at half past nine." Joy, oh joy, now we could go! That was all the breakfast we wanted, and, leaving the table, we made a rush for our mother who, being an invalid, could be found in her chair by the window of her pleasant sitting-room. We all four talked at once. "Oh, mother, let us go now, how can we wait? Let us go. I am sure we will be late. How can we know when it is half past nine. Come on, girls, we must go." (How many times since have I thought of how we did tease.) But mother said, "Come now, little flock, be quiet, and I will try to smooth the path for your dear little feet." "Katy", she called, "Send William to me." Then she wrote this note which we sent by William to Mr. Phillips, "I thank you for the joy you are giving my little flock, and may I suggest that when you want them to start you will pin a red handkerchief to a limb that they can see from our attic window." "Thanks, dear mother, you can always help us," and away we go, helter-skelter to the attic to wait that long, long time until we could see the red flag. Oh, dear, how long we had to wait—breakfast at seven and we could not go until half past nine. Oh, dear, the wonder is that we did not break through the windows with our pushing and crowding, and no doubt we would have done so, but that up from the kitchen came a voice. "Whichever one is not good will not go." That was enough. We would all be good, for if one had to stay home, the rest would have no fun. How slow time was! How could we be good? At last things are seen to move around the red brick house. From our windows we could see two women and four men—yes and there was

Lorina. See, they are crossing the bridge and are going to the big tree. Now we cannot go until we see the red flag. What are they doing? They are laying white things on the ground on one side of the tree. Look! They are putting little boards on the white carpet to step on. I tell you what, girls, if Lorina was not there, our cake would be dough, but she will not let them forget us, not she! Oh, dear, what will we do until we see the flag? Let's see who can hold their breath the longest. We all try and fail. That is hard work. Who can count one hundred first. One, two, three, ten, double ten—"There it is." I see it. Come on, let's go. And down the stairs we race, heedless of noise, caring for nothing but to be off. As we flew out the front gate, mother raised her window and called, "Come here, children," and as we came and stood by the low window sill from which she fed the birds, she said, "Now dear ones, for mother's sake, be good, and don't forget I am sending an unseen teacher with you since I cannot go, and when you get to the goose stump, all take hands and stand there. Lorina will tell you what to do. Good-bye now, go." Pellmell we raced. Mother could see us until we neared the tree. In obedience to her command, when we came to the stump we joined hands and stood. Yes we stood, but not quiet. Not one child could have stood still. There were four strong men up in that glorious tree, and it was so full of big ripe mulberries. When you looked up, you would think one berry was trying to push the other off, so close were they. Soon one of the men called, "All ready, one, two, three, and then —Well, girls, I wish you had been there then. How we did scream and scream at the downpour of berries. We stood on the ground, not even letting go our hands to clap. We were happy as birds, only, as usual, something had to go wrong with me. Two big soft berries fell plumb down on my curly yellow hair and spilt all their juice, and my big sister did

scold because I did not wear a sunbonnet. The women stood on the boards and took hold of the table-cloth and rolled the berries into a pile and then they stood in that spot and filled their buckets from the grass around them. Really children, the grass was not green, it was black. Then the men came down out of the tree. The women took their buckets and started for the house, and the men were ready to start when Mr. Phillips laughed and said, "Well, little girls, I thank you for being good. Stand here where the carpet was and you won't tramp our berries. And now listen. I see Mrs. Phillips coming with a pan for each one of you, and you can have all you can find, but you will have to pick fast. I see the geese coming." All we can find, and the grass black with them! "Yes," said Lorina, "I am to take you home and tell your mother that because she has taught her little flock to obey and be good, we want her to let you all come to the red brick house at one o'clock this afternoon to the picking and stay for supper. We are going to eat under the big tree."

THE LEGEND OF BLUE WILLOW WARE.

Once upon a time there was a rich old Mandarin, who had an only daughter named Li-Chi. She and her father lived in a beautiful home, two stories in height, a rare thing in China.

If you look at a Willow-pattern plate, you will see that not only is the house a two-storied one, but there are out-buildings (to the right) at the back, and large trees, of a rare and costly kind, surrounding it, showing that the owner was a man of great wealth.

Li-Chi was a very pretty girl, and as her father was a rich man, she was always dressed in the softest, brightest silks money could buy. Her favorite

dresses were of peach-colored silk, embroidered with silver, and if you could have seen her sitting on her balcony, on a moonlight night, with flowers entwined in her hair, and the shimmering peach-colored silk falling in soft folds about her feet, you would have thought her worthy to marry a prince. But Li-Chi did not want to marry a prince. She had fallen in love with Chang, her father's secretary, who lived in the island cottage you will find at the top of the plate.

The Mandarin was very angry about this, and had forbidden the young man to come to the house, at the same time forbidding Li-Chi to leave it, so that the lovers might have no chance of meeting. He went still further—he betrothed his daughter to a Ta-jin, or Duke, who was rich, but many years older than Li-Chi. Li-Chi had never seen the Ta-jin, but her father came to her one evening, as she was sitting on her balcony, which overhung the river and told her he had made arrangements for her marriage.

"Oh, no! no" sobbed Li-Chi. " I love Chang! I cannot marry anyone else."

"Chang shall never be your husband," replied the Mandarin sternly. "I have promised the Ta-jin that you shall be married to him when the peach tree blossoms."

The willow tree was in blossom then, for it was quite early in the year.

The peach would not bloom until the spring, but every day after this Li-Chi watched the buds of the peach tree, which grew close to her window, unfolding, and she watched them with dread and sorrow in her heart. "Is Chang dead? or has he forgotten all about me?" she wondered to herself. But Chang was not dead, neither had he forgotten; he thought of her night and day, and at last one evening he sent her a message. She was sitting on her balcony as usual, when a little boat made out of half a cocoanut

shell, and fitted with a tiny sail floated right to her feet. Inside it she found a colored bead she had given her lover, a sure proof that the boat came from Chang; and also a piece of bamboo paper, on which these words were written:

"When the willow fades away,
And the peach tree groweth gay
Tell me, sweetheart, can it be
They will steal my love from me?"

Li-Chi took her ivory tablets from the bosom of her dress and wrote an answer to his letter in the same strain:

"When the peach tree blooms, sweetheart,
Thou and I must weep and part.
Hasten then to take the prize
Ere 'tis seen by robber's eyes."

She knew that her lover would understand this flowery language, and she put the tablets in the boat, and lighted a stick of frankincense and placed it in the bow. And leaning over the balcony, she watched it sail away into the darkness of the night. "He will come for me before my wedding day," she said softly to herself.

The night air was full of the scent of flowers, and everything was still. Li-Chi half imagined she could hear the blossoms on the willow tree sighing faintly, and saying, " It will be too late—we are dying!" For Chang had promised the last time they met, that he would come for her while the willow was still in blossom. And she thought she heard the buds on the peach tree replying: "We are nearly ready to open. Then she will marry the Ta-jin."

Chang, on the farther bank of the river, waited to draw his frail little bark to land, and when he read the verse on the ivory tablets, his smile went up to the corners of his eyes, as Chinese smiles generally do; and he walked into the gardener's cottage where he was stopping, and called the gardener and his wife. "Do you know when the Ta-jin is coming?"

he said. "The betrothal-feast is fixed for next Thursday, for the moon will then be lucky," replied the old man.

"The Mandarin has ordered his gardeners to take six dozen carp out of the fish ponds, and there are to be golden and silver pheasants on the table, and boar's head and roast peacock."

"And six casks of wine to be broached," continued his wife. "And as many oysters as his guests can eat."

"The servants say that the Ta-jin is bringing his bride such a casket of jewels as never was seen," said the gardener. "A necklace of pearls—each pearl as big as a sparrow's egg."

"Pigeon's egg, stupid!" interrupted the wife.

"Sparrow's egg, imbecile!" he retorted.

"Pigeon's egg, idiot!" repeated the old woman angrily.

"It doesn't matter which," Chang broke in. "What I want to know is whether you could borrow me one of the servant's dresses and smuggle me into the banqueting-room that night?"

"It is impossible," replied the gardener, shaking his head.

The old couple knew all about Chang's love story, but they were afraid of helping him. Neither of them dared to risk the displeasure of such a rich and powerful Mandarin as Li-Chi's father.

The next few days passed in preparation for the betrothal feast.

Servants were running hither and thither all the time; the Mandarin never stopped giving orders from morning till night; the banqueting-hall was swept and strewn with sweet-scented leaves and the walls and roof hung with colored-silk lanterns and fans. Everyone was happy and busy except Li-Chi, who sat on her balcony, with her embroidery lying idly on her lap, and her eyes gazing wistfully across the river which separated her from her lover.

On the morning of the betrothal-feast the peach tree was covered with lovely pink blossoms, while the willow blossoms hung faded and drooping on the tree. This made Li-Chi so sad she could not stay on the balcony; she went into her room and sat on a couch, with her head resting on her hands, watching her attendants as they spread out on the floor the rich silk dresses the Ta-jin had sent as a present to his bride. They were all the colors of the rainbow, pale blue, and pink, and yellow, and purple, embroidered in gold and silver, and one of them was peach-colored silk embroidered with pearls. "This is just the dress for a bride," said the women. But Li-Chi shook her head. "I will not wear peach-color any more," she said.

At noon the Ta-jin sent her by his servant the box of jewels of which the gardener and his wife had spoken. There were diamonds and rubies in it of such size that the Emperor himself yould have not despised them. And the necklace of pearls went twice around Li-Chi's neck, and nearly to her waist.

At last her attendants persuaded her to allow them to dress her for her betrothal and they chose a beautiful blue-silk dress, embroidered all over with golden butterflies; because in China butterflies are looked upon as a symbol of married happiness. And they fastened the pearls around her throat, and put some shining jewels in her hair. "For she is going to be a great lady—the wife of a duke," they said. "Flowers in the hair are only for common people."

"Now leave me quite alone," commanded Li-Chi, when they had finished.

She was tired of their foolish talk about the Ta-jin, and wanted to step out once more and see if the willow-blossoms were quite faded, and if there was no message from Chang sailing to her across the water. The women went away, but came back in a moment to tell her one of the servants wished to speak to her. "Let him come in," said Li-Chi impa-

tiently. The young man who entered wore a long blue-cotton robe, and a broad straw hat which half concealed his face, but as soon as they were alone he took off his hat, making her a low, sweeping bow, and Li-Chi saw that it was Chang himself. For a moment she could not believe it, but when he took her in his arms, and kissed her, crumpling up all the golden butterflies in his eagerness, she knew it was really her lover, who had come to save her from marrying the Ta-jin. "How did you get here?" she asked, sobbing for joy.

"I disguised myself as a beggar," said Chang, showing her the rags he wore under his blue robe. "But when I came to the banqueting-room, to ask for alms, everyone was too busy to listen to me, so I managed to slip behind the screen they had spread across the lower end of it and find my way to your room." "And this?" said Li-Chi, touching his servant's dress.

"One of the servants happened to have left it behind the screen. And now, Li-Chi, how can I disguise you? For we must pass behind the screen again, and through the banqueting-room door into the garden, and across the bridge to the gardener's cottage." He looked quickly around the room, and found a garment belonging to Li-Chi's old nurse, which covered all her bridal finery, except her pretty little gold-embroidered shoes. "Never mind my shoes," she said, "I shall run so fast no one will see them."

She took her distaff in her hand, because she did not want to be an idle, useless wife to Chang, and she gave him the box of jewels to carry. I do not think they ought to have taken the jewels, although the Ta-jin had given them to Li-Chi; but perhaps Chang did not know what was in the box, and he was in too great a hurry to ask.

"The willow-blossoms droop upon the bough, my darling We must delay no longer", he said. And

OUR FUTURE HOPES.

indeed, as the lovers crept behind the screen a light breeze shook the last blossom of the willow to the ground.

"If my father should see us!" whispered Li-Chi, holding her lover's hand very tightly.

"Don't be afraid," said Chang. "I have prayed to the Good Genii not to let him catch us. If he comes near they will change us into two stars, shining together; or, perhaps, two turtle-doves. You would not mind that would you?"

"I do not mind anything, except parting from you," replied Li-Chi.

They reached the garden in safety, and Chang led his sweetheart towards the bridge. But Li-Chi's pretty little shoes would not allow her to run very fast, after all, and when they got to the foot of the bridge, the Mandarin came rushing down the garden path, with whip in his hand.

"Stop! stop!" he cried furiously. "Will no one stop the thief who has stolen my daughter?" Chang put Li-Chi in front of him, and she ran across the bridge first, with her distaff, while he followed her with the casket of jewels. Behind them both came the Mandarin, brandishing his whip.

But the good Genii, who were watching over the lovers, saw, that the Mandarin gained quickly on Chang, and there was no chance of their escaping. "He will flog Chang to death, and shut Li-Chi up for the rest of her life. What shall we do?" they asked each other. Then the Genii said, "Let us change them into two turtle-doves, that they may be happy together after all".

Just as the Mandarin, therefore, put his hand out to seize the young man by the shoulder, the box of jewels fell splash! splash! into the water, and Chang and Li-Chi were changed into two beautiful doves. They at once flew away, out of the Mandarin's reach, and he was left with whip in his hand, and the Ta-jin's jewels at the bottom of the river.

The story does not tell us any more about him—how he got home, or what the Ta-jin said to him when he arrived. It only tells us that Chang and Li-Chi were as happy as two turtle-doves could be.

And the next time you come across a willow-pattern plate, you must look for them hovering in the air above the bridge. On the bridge itself you will see three figures, Li-Chi with her distaff, Chang with the jewels, and the Mandarin with his whip. At one end is the famous willow tree which shed its blossoms the day of the elopement; at the other is the gardener's cottage; and at the top of the plate an island, with another cottage on it, in which Chang had hoped to live with Li-Chi.

But instead of that they built a cosy nest in the garden, from which they could watch the willow and the peach tree bloom and fade without any fear of being parted from each other.

BAPTISM.

God my Father, Christ my Saviour,
I would come this day to Thee,
Asking for a new baptism,
Of Thy love so great, so free.

I would fain have greater measure
Of Thy dear love given to me,
That my service in days passing,
May rich harvest yield for Thee.

I have loved Thee, God my Father,
Since when but a child was I,
Homeless, motherless and weary,
Sick, and yet afraid to die.

Left to stranger's chillcold mercies,
Caught by fell diptheria's scourge,
Cared for by a doctor's kindness,
But of Heaven not a word.

There I lay in pain and torture,
Fear kept all friends far away,
Not one came to pray or ask me
Wherein my hope of Heaven lay.

Then it was I heard Christ saying,
Weary child, look up and see,
I have power to heal and save thee,
I am Christ, trust thou in me.

Lift thine eyes and see the beauty,
Of this world that God hath made,
Rise and find thy path of duty,
Live for God, be not afraid.

Fear hath torment, love hath rapture,
Choose this day whom thou wilt serve,
God doth need thee in the harvest,
With the children of the world.

Oh, the joy, the blessed sunshine,
Soothing all my fears and pain,
Christ's dear presence, His forgiveness,
Made life's path and duty plain.

Many times my feet have faltered,
As I've toiled up life's rough hill,
All because I failed in asking,
That I might do just God's will.

Just God's will alone, Christ tells us
Or our hearts and feet will stray,
E'en our loved ones cannot guide us,
God alone must choose our way.

Now I am content to render,
All I am or have to Thee,
Unto Thee whose love so tender,
Fills my soul with ecstacy.

SYMPATHY.

Dear president of our Bible Class,
The names we here append
All carry you to Heaven in prayer,
That God His Grace will send.

Will send you in this hour of need,
Sweet peace to fill your heart,
And guide you 'til you meet at home,
Where loved ones never part.

Believe us, we all sympathize,
With you in this sad loss,
And each one prays that Christ will help,
You bear this heavy cross.

Not dead, your loved, he sleeps to wake
When God His trump shall sound,
A great eternity of life
Your husband now has found.

God's finger touched him, now he sleeps,
No more to wake to sin,
But to God's vast inheritance,
Through Christ he's entered in.

He walks the hills of Heaven with joy,
Has found God's words all true,
He waits you now in Heaven's bright home,
With Christ he waits for you.

Our Father, may we who still remain,
More true and faithful be,
That when we sleep we too shall wake
In Heaven's Eternity!

We each have felt the chastening rod,
We all have need of prayer,
We'll go together to our God,
And find Christ's comfort there.

Mrs. Spear	Mrs. Fluent
Mrs. Wilson	Mrs. Boyle
Mrs. Corcoran	Mrs. W. Davidson
Mrs. Kendall	Mrs. J. Booth
Mrs. Davison	Mrs. H. K. Stotler
Mrs. McCollum	Mrs. F. Matthews
Mrs. C. M. McLaughlin	Miss Browne
Mrs. Bright	Mrs. A. Clements
Miss K. Bright	Mrs. H. Maxwell
Miss Copeland	Mrs. Wm. Greer

Mrs. S. J. Browne

THE BOOK CLUB.

A glance of retrospection
A thought of pleasures flown,
I see our book club standing
Mid glory all its own.

Pure thoughts from outside sources
From books and lives of men
We gathered there with pleasure,
And lived them o'er again.

But while our minds were busy,
Life's joys to elevate,
We kept our hands still working
War's needs to alleviate.

And when our work was finished,
Perfect, compact, and neat,
Then Mrs. Laughlin took it,
And formed the robe complete.

And now to Mrs. Laughlin
We bring our meed of praise,
She nobly stood beside us,
In sunshine and dark days.

But soon our joys were blighted,
Life holds our friends no more.
God called four of our members
To His eternal shore.

O how we missed the loved ones
Who gladly met us there,
And gave of their life's treasures,
Themes garnered with great care.

We miss them, yes we miss them,
But still their gentle ways,
Will have an influence o'er us
Through all our book club days.

A dark cloud gathered o'er us,
And some had left the fold,
The book club's days were waning,
Its hours were well nigh told.

But brave hearts never waver,
A few, the stanch and true,
Stood bravely by their banner
Storms could not them subdue.

All honor to you, friends,
Who nobly stood the test.
And kept your book club sailing
In safety on life's crest.

Come, then you last year members,
Desiring to do right,
Come give your influence to them,
And join the club tonight.

MISSION GIRLS OF UNITY.

Dearie, now I see
Just what Mission Girls can be.
Blending beauty, love and duty
In their happy glee.

Dearie, may you be
From all care and sin kept free,
May your missions full fruition
Joy and pleasure be.

Chorus—
There are girls that make you happy,
Mission girls so brave and true.
They can always chase away your troubles
As the bright clear day dispels the dew.

There are girls within the mission circle,
Full of life and joy in all they do,
There are they whose kindly gentle living
Proves that mission girls are true.

Dearie, may there be
Happy days you all shall see.
Days whose measure, full of pleasure,
Weaves bright crowns for thee.

Dearie, may we see
Many mission girls like thee.
Seeking out life's best endeavor
Happy, glad and free.

Chorus—
There are girls that make you happy
Mission girls so brave and true
They can always charm away your troubles,
As the bright clear day dispels the dew.

There are girls within the mission circle,
Full of life and joy in all they do,
They are they whose kindly gentle living
Proves that mission girls are true.

A LETTER FROM MARION TO HER FRIEND.

Dear friend, I hereby give to you
A history of today,
And tell you how we spent the time
This thirty-first of May.

Well, first of all, we went to church,
Where many people cried,
Because the Pastor that they loved,
Was bidding them goodbye.

Then we went home to dinner,
Cooked by mother in great style,
She stayed at home to read a book,
And served our meals erstwhile.

And after dinner Grandma took
Us out upon the hill,
She told us funny stories,
'Til we are almost laughing still.

She tells us funny stories,
And makes them as she goes,
'Til ——says he knows she's full
Of stories to her toes.

She sent me home for cookies,
And there we sat and ate.
And laughed and talked, and had a good time,
'Til it was growing late.

Aunt Ola took us out to see,
The big strawberry bed,
We gathered some for supper,
Of the big ones, ripe and red.

Then father took us for a walk,
Until the day was done,
And we came in at dark and ate,
Those cookies, every one.

And now, dear friend, we're off to bed,
And silently we lay,
And thank our God who gave to us,
This happy childhood day.

SCHOOL DAYS.

Our school days are waneing
Those happy golden days,
In which we sought through knowledge,
A strength to meet life's ways.

Our teacher's gentle kindness,
Her firm and patient rule,
Went far to lead us upward
And make us love our school.

Miss Gardner is our ideal.
Her gentle, kindly ways,
Her aptitude for teaching
Deserves our highest praise.

What though our lessons try us,
And fill our minds with care,
We haste to dear Miss Gardner,
And find solution there.

She never fails to greet us
With her own glad, sweet smile,
At each hard task she meets us,
And calms each storm erstwhile.

She does not stop at teaching,
But sets for each a pace.
If we would still climb higher,
We needs must follow Grace.

Grace! how that sweet name fits her,
And yet not grace alone,
Truth, duty, love and honor,
All make her heart their throne.

Within life's chalice ever
Sweet thoughts of her will rise;
Her noble, strong endeavor
To help us win earth's prize.

She taught us, loved us, brought us
Up to life's wider door.
Now may God's love enfold her,
And bless her ever more.

OUR PASTOR'S FAREWELL.

Dear Friends, we met you here tonight,
In this, our dear church home.
Here, where our hymns and prayers unite
As one before God's throne.

Our Pastor led us safely on,
Through nine blessed years of peace,
He fed us from God's holy word
And gave our hearts release.

In sickness, sorrow, pain or death,
Our Pastor guide and friend
Was ever found at duty's call,
His stricken sheep to tend.

Faithful and upright, staunch and true,
We ask no better friend,
Than he who safely led us through
The nine years that now end.

But life holds changes—now we come
To the parting of the ways.
One path leads on, another up,
Through devious, strenuous days.

And, as we mingle here tonight,
A note of sad refrain
Fills every heart to know the truth,
We may not meet again.

Our Pastor and his family
May pass beyond our sight,
But this we know, our memories
Of them will bring delight.

We fain remember all the days
The pleasure and the gain
We have received at their dear hands
And live them o'er again.

And when our work is ended,
And God has called us home.
We strike glad hands on heaven's shore,
Where partings never come.

MOTHER'S PRAYERS.

A group of little sisters learning
Childhood prayers at mother's knee,
Mother planting seeds for harvest
In God's vast eternity.

Mother led the way to Heaven
Each one of her little band,
Early gave their hearts to Jesus
Safely led by God's own hand.

Soon, oh soon, that mother left us,
Went to join Christ's white-robed throng,
With the blessed redeemed she 'waits us,
While her prayers still lead us on.

Far along life's paths we wandered,
Old age sits on every brow.
But those childhood prayers remembered,
Comes to bless our lives e'en now.

Now, yes now, our circle's broken,
By death's stern relentless power,
No more will our glad reunions,
Fill on earth life's brightest hours.

Yes, our circle is now broken,
Two have found their heavenly home,
Oh, may we who still stand waiting,
Be prepared when death shall come.

Mother's prayers; not all earth's treasures,
Can with that one gift compare,
When our Mother takes her children
Safe to God in fervent prayer.

Well we know that if all mothers
Carried every child to God,
Pleading that his love be given,
Christ would lead them heavenward.

Yes, a mother's prayers are endless,
Reaching far out through the years,
Unseen angels come to guard us,
Called from Heaven by mother's prayers.

Oh, a mother's prayers are potent,
For she cannot be denied,
Pleading at God's throne she conquers,
Faith in Christ and love for child.

GOD'S LIFE IN ALL THINGS.

I have before me, as I write,
Bright flowers in perfect bloom,
Whose hand but God's could shape each leaf,
And make their sweet perfume.

Deep down within those pure white flowers,
A heart of gold we find,
An emblem of the rare joys found,
By an enquiring mind.

Within the heart of every flower,
Or weed or living thing
There lies a seed of latent life,
Placed there by God our King.

We look upon man's wondrous work,
And see great wisdom there,
And yet they owe to God each thought,
Who can with Him compare.

The wisest man in olden time,
Gave praise to God above,
For all his wisdom was a gift
To him from Heaven in love.

How well did Solomon foretell,
The life that we now live,
Hear Thou in Heaven Thy dwelling place,
And when Thou hearest, forgive!

How well he knew the power of sin
To lead our hearts astray,
Knew too, that if God dwelt in us,
Our lives would live His praise.

The Heavens cannot contain our God,
The earth is far too small,
And yet within the heart of each,
God lives—the Life of all.

Then let us sow the blessed seed,
Of duty, truth and love,
Let life be spent in sowing seeds,
To bloom in Heaven above.

Our sins are many, but we know
That power and love divine,
Thou, Christ, can cleanse us with thy blood,
And make us wholly thine.

And when our prayers ascend to Thee,
Hear Thou and then forgive,
And fill our souls so full of love,
That unto Thee we'll live.

THE BEAUTY OF SNOW.

As I stood by the window that bright winter morn
And gazed out on the snow-covered ground,
My heart must needs give God his just meed of praise
For in Him all pure beauty is found.

That unbroken expanse of loveliness shone
In the snow that came down in a night,
To cover all Earth's scars, all blemish, and prove
God's power to hide sins far from sight.

A short time I stood there and feasted mine eyes,
On that scene of pure rapturous delight,
Even then all that beauty was passing away,
And will be only a memory by night.

It was passing—that beauty, for then on the way
Came a monster of strength, power and will,
Whose swift wheels ran into that vision of white,
And made unsightly marks on the hill.

The Earth is awaking, on living intent,
Night's beauty no longer holds sway,
But is crushed under foot and lies blackened and dead,
By the busy feet born of the day.

Not passing, but gone is that wondrous sight,
Of sweet purity, silence and dream,
And I sigh as I turn to a vision still fair,
Where the dwellers rest calm and serene.

Near the house of our God, on the pleasant hillside,
Where the forms of our loved lost ones sleep,
There the snow in its night work of wondrous skill,
Made the scene of fair beauty complete.

With her duty well done now she awaiteth her call,
As the morn brought King Sol on his way,
In his strong rays of power bright beauty succumbs,
And now sleeps with the dead of the day.

CHERRY RUN CAMP MEETING.
MEMORY.

Camp-meeting, how that name recalls
Blest memories of past days,
When strong armed men and mother's brave,
Met here to sing God's praise!

Brave Pioneer Fathers, stern and strong,
No fears in them were found,
Their axes layed these forests low,
They plowed and tilled these grounds.

They blazed the trail to this retreat,
This grand cathedral bower,
Blessed legacy to us they left,
Camp-meeting's sacred hour.

Dear parents of the olden days,
Who family altars reared,
Gave thanks to God for daily bread,
And sin's defilement feared.

And once a year, e'en there as now,
Lest hearts grew faint and failed,
They met and held commune with God,
Camp-meetings joys they hailed.

In all this amphitheater,
May each heart here be stirred,
With sorrow for their sin, then find
Christ as their pardoning Lord.

THIS CLASS OF JUNIORS ALL ENJOY RICH BLESSINGS OF GOD'S LOVE.

And as in heartfelt gratitude,
Our prayers to God we give,
Hear Thou in Heaven, thy dwelling place,
And as Thou hearest forgive.

MORNING DEVOTION.

Father, when my eyes first open,
Each new day to see thy light,
Then, my inmost soul unveiling,
I would thank Thee for the night.

I would thank Thee, I would praise Thee,
For Thy gift of calm deep sleep,
Soothing all life's storms within me,
Sweet oblivion, blessed sleep.

Then we offer morn's devotions,
To our God who rules the night,
Asking that by day He lead us,
By His omnipresent might.

Life's fears vanish, Earth's enjoyment,
Proves a source of pure delight,
Teach us that we can live truly,
Thanking God for day and night.

As each day dawns, we beholding
Life's paths fareing far and wide,
Teaching that our feet must travel,
In the walks earth's needs betide.

If we keep all pure thoughts centered,
On our duty in life's sphere,
Then we need not fear or falter,
Wakeing, sleeping, Christ is near!

And when our last sleep is given,
And we from this earth depart,
As we rise that morn in Heaven,
May thy praise fill every heart.

SOWING SEED.

I love, I love the children,
For in them you can see,
The trust, the help, the honor,
Of good lives yet to be.

The children—let us train them,
In virtue, truth and right,
And teach them they are living
Each day in God's own sight.

All evil shuns the sunlight,
While truth fears not the day,
For childhood's glorious springtime,
Plant good seeds while you may.

Each child's heart is a garden,
Some seeds therein will grow,
Ah, we should all be careful,
What kind of seeds we sow.

Once more we meet the children,
And stand before God's throne,
And there we reap the harvest,
Of the seed our lives have sown.

ON THE DEATH OF CLARA ADAMS.

Sister, unto thee was given,
Sixteen years of radiant life,
Given to train thy soul for heaven,
Fraught with sorrow, joy and strife.

But thy cares on earth are ended,
Thou hast lain thy burden down,
Angels have conveyed thy spirit,
Safe to heaven to wear thy crown.

Yet, dear sister, how we miss thee,
From thy long accustomed seat,
In the House of holy worship,
Where we all were wont to meet.

There we met with thee to guide us,
As thy fingers gently strayed,
O'er the organ slowly, sweetly,
Calling forth its notes of praise.

Yes, we miss thee, but thy spirit
Now doth dwell among the blessed,
And we could not wish to call thee
From thy calm, sweet heavenly rest.

A REQUEST.

You ask me to write in your Bible
That book of all others the best
If I could but tell how I love it
You would study it then and be blest.

And well may I love this blessed treasure,
This God-given guide of my youth
That found me and kept me and taught me
Life's pure Bible doctrine of truth.

I love it because I have found it
A shelter, a glad resting place,
When life's storms surge swiftly around me
I find in the Bible God's grace.

His grace to endure all life's hardships,
To run with sweet patience the race
To look with forgiveness and mercy
On all who, like me, need God's grace.

Then read, every day, read your Bible,
And all its pure precepts obey
On earth it will lead you in safety
And guide you to Heaven's bright day.

TO OUR NEW GUILD TEACHER.

You were chosen to plant in God's garden
Seeds pure as the Heaven above
Let every young mind in your care dear,
Be filled with pure seeds of God's love.

Dig deep in the hearts of the children
And weed out each vile thought of sin
The strength of each mind in the future
Depends on the pure seeds within.

O, plant them the pure seeds of knowledge,
Of love, joy, forgiveness and peace,
Of patience and suffering, of kindness
And all things our God bids us teach.

Think not that in vain you have labored
For God will himself give the grain,
Obey His command and go forward
And plant, dig and plant still again.

Then, when all life's harvest is garnered
And many souls gathered in store
May the Father's "Well Done Faithful Servant"
Greet you on Eternity's shore.

YOUR BIBLE.

I would my pen had power to tell
The wondrous truths this Bible holds
No riches of this earth can be
Compared to what this book unfolds.

It brings you knowledge of God's love
It shows God's sacred presence nigh,
It tells of Christ our advocate,
Who came from Heaven for us to die.

It tells us how God sent His son
To bear our griefs, our guilt and shame,
This Bible tells how Christ arose
Triumphant o'er sin, death and pain.

It tells how Heaven we all can win
If we our hearts to God will give
Obey God, love; renounce all sin,
And live as Christ would have us live.

TO A FRIEND ON A JOURNEY.

Dear friend when in this morning mail
Your sweet remembrance came
Proving your heart is ever true
Near and afar the same.

I could but thank my Father, God,
And bless His name anew
That you had ever been my friend
Faithful, kind and true.

You proved a friend in sad, sad days
In pleasure and in pain;
You me remembered in your joy,
And proved your love again.

When all the doings of our lives
To God our judge are told
Your kindness unto others shown
Will yield a hundred fold.

The many hearts you kindly cheered,
The many homes you blessed
Will rear for you a mansion fair
A heaven of peace and rest.

TO REV. J. H. G.

I fain would write a tribute
To one we both love well.
But my words are inadequate
Your worth and power to tell.

We miss you when we go to church
We miss you in our home
Indeed, dear friend, you're sadly missed
Wherever you were known.

Among our friends most tried and true
You ever foremost stand
Think of the suffering we passed through
With you at our right hand.

And now in health, in peace, at home,
I would that you might be
Partaker of this evening's mirth
And these festivities.

And since this cannot be, dear friend,
I surely wish you this:
That God will fill your life with love,
With peace and happiness.

DON'T BE A CRANK.

Don't be a crank, whatever else
  Your heart inclines to be,
Don't find a fault with everything,
  You think, or hear, or see.

Your friends will leave you, one by one,
  'Til you will stand alone,
Beloved by none, condemned by all,
  As "Crank" you will be known.

Don't seek to find your neighbor's faults,
  But keep your own sins down,
That you may rise with Christ's dear help,
  To honor and renown.

THANKS FOR A GIFT TO MRS. METZKER.

I wish to thank this class of boys
  For their most timely gift,
Of means to furnish light and heat
  Cold winter's care to lift.

The kindly thought that prompts you boys
  To cheer my lonely days
Speaks well for nobler manhood deeds
  As you pass on life's ways.

My words are all inadequate
  My feelings to express
I can but say I thank you boys
  God's blessing on you rest.

Your teacher, too—may she be blessed
  As on through every day
She goes, a blessed messenger
  Showing God's love always.

PITTSBURGH CHAPTER 39, GREETING:

Dear members, will you here accept
A word of thanks from me,
For loving kindness you have shown,
While sick and sad I lay.

No tongue can tell the wondrous cheer
That doth embodied be
Within a gift of God's sweet flowers
Such as you sent to me.

I thank you all, and I am proud,
To claim your friendship mine,
And glad to be a member of
Your Chapter Thirty-nine.

SCHOOL HONORS.

Our hearts expand with rapturous joy,
When visions of fair youth
In all their glorious beauty tread
The rugged paths of truth.

You had not reached this pinnacle,
Or gained this vaunted prize,
Had you not made good use of time
And labored to be wise.

Knowledge is power, fair young friend,
I trust this hour may be,
A harbinger of wondrous worth,
Bequeathed from heaven to thee.

May all life's future lessons be
Learned in the school of truth,
And may your brightest day dreams see
Sweet memories of youth.

TO A FRIEND.

My school boy friend, I greet you,
And proud am I to claim,
Acquaintance with pure bright young minds,
Sure names of future fame.

We know that greeting here tonight,
These scholars, learned and great,
We meet our nation's future men,
Who will guide our Ship of State.

Then store pure knowledge while you may,
Your school days soon will pass,
And life's more strenuous duties call,
You forth to men's stern tasks.

Be noble friend, let each day count,
Life's duties bravely done,
And as in school, so life will show
The honors you have won.

Bright minds like yours call forth brave deeds,
Of duty, love and truth,
Oh, set your standard high, my boy,
And gain life's prize in youth.

HONORS AT SCHOOL.

My boy, you bravely stood the test,
You labored hard and bravely won,
So may all life at your behest,
Its richest treasures still send down.

Since idle minds cannot aspire,
To win in youth life's richest gem,
Your friends are proud to see you rise,
And take your place with well-learned men.

Keep this pure record of your youth,
In days to come let nothing mar,
The blessed knowledge of this truth,
School was to you a heaven-bright star.

TO ALICE.

Your school days are passing most swiftly,
And soon you will find they are gone,
But the pure gems of knowledge you gathered,
Will remain and keep guiding you on.

You have used well the blessings God gave you,
To store your young mind with the best,
The purest of all earthly treasures,
You will find are by school days possessed.

May bright days of joy be the measure,
The future holds for you in store,
And may you still seek to gain knowledge,
That will lead up to Heaven's bright shore.

May all of your life's richest blessings,
Be found in pure knowledge and truth,
And may your school days hold bright memories,
Of the glad happy days of your youth.

SCHOOL HONORS.

How shall a young man choose his way?
By taking timely heed
To store pure knowledge while he may,
To use in all life's needs.

As you stand on the pinnacle
  Today of glorious youth,
Fill now your heart o'erflowing full,
  Of God's pure love and truth.

And as you walk along the shore,
  Of life's eventful sea,
And look far out upon the tide,
  Of frail humanity.

Your soul will thrill with wondrous awe
  To know God wills that you
Shall ever labor for the right,
  And to mankind be true.

TO DOROTHY.

Dear young friend, time in passing,
  Brings changes on life's way,
And now holds kindly memories,
  Of your Mother's youth today.

Firm friends our families ever,
  In days now long gone by,
Though time and distance sever,
  Our hearts will still draw nigh.

We have always watched your progress,
  As, climbing youth's bright hill,
You ever strove for knowledge,
  Your pure young mind to fill.

And now, receiving honors,
  For having done your best,
Your friends all gladly greet you,
  And hope you may be blessed.

Ah, blessed in all your efforts,
Of knowledge true to find,
And may life's richest treasures,
Fill all your pure young mind.

AN ABSENT DAUGHTER.

Now just a thought of kindness give,
To a daughter far away,
Who sits in sorrow, sad and lone,
On Mother's burial day.

Carried far out on life's rough sea,
Beyond the power of ken,
To be returned in time to see,
Her Mother's face again.

Ah, yes, she grieves, but in her view
A radiant star doth shine,
To guide her vision up to heaven,
Her Mother then she'll find.

ON THE DEATH OF A MEMBER OF THE LADIES' MISSIONARY SOCIETY OF UNITY.

Ladies, when again you gather,
In your wonted place of prayer,
You will sadly miss a member
That for years met with you there.

Kind and gentle, true and loving,
Mother, friend and guide—all three,
Every one that knew her loved her,
For a faithful friend was she.

In the years of youth's bright morning,
She had sought the path of right,
Bravely bare she all life's burdens,
Leading others to God's light.

Now she reaps her golden harvest,
Of all precious seed she has sown,
Christ himself her elder Brother,
Leads her in glad triumph home.

BIRTHDAY.

Had I the power to give to you,
The kindness my heart feels,
Your birthday would with joy o'erflow
And richest blessings yield.

Another birthday comes apace,
Still one more year has flown,
How many sad souls you have cheered,
To none but God is known.

May you as pastor of your church
Each year more useful be,
And still lead many souls to God,
And perfect liberty.

May all recurring birthdays find,
Your life and loved ones blest.
And each year find you nearer home,
And your eternal rest.

So may the boy who proudly stands,
Beside his noble sire.
And claims this birthday as his own
Have his young heart's desire.

Yes, may he follow in the steps
His father's feet have trod
And be a guide for sin-sick souls,
To lead them home to God.

GLAD EASTER MORN.

On this glad Easter morning,
We all with joy would raise,
Our hearts in glad thanksgiving,
In silent, grateful praise.

This day of all days greatest,
The day when Christ arose,
And burst death's bonds asunder,
And conquered all earth's foes.

Oh, glorious resurrection;
Of life so freely given,
To save us from destruction,
And make our path to Heaven.

Can we for whom Christ suffered,
And died upon the cross,
Withhold our praise this morning,
If so, we are but dross.

Oh, let our hearts deep center,
Be filled with praise today,
And may we all remember,
To Heaven Christ is the way.

MARION'S BIRTHDAY.

Dear child, today you stand upon
The threshold of your youth,
And look far down upon the path
Of innocence and truth.

A childhood of pure happiness,
God gave you with His love,
With parents, brother, home and friends,
A gift from Heaven above.

Now standing on the pinnacle
Of childhood's pure delight,
May this, your sixteenth birthday, be
A memory, pure and bright.

A sweet fond memory of the joys
God in His mercy gave
To teach, protect and lead up
To glorious future days.

Blessed years of knowledge, now dear girl,
Will burst upon your view,
And life will show God has a work
For everyone, and you!

THE LIGHTNING ROD.

A long and slender piece of iron
Lay useless by the bay,
When Franklin, in a lonely watch,
Discovered it one day.

With searching eyes he looked at it,
As it lay on the shore,
Then, talking to himself, he said,
I think I'll try once more.

Electricity I have discovered,
With all its power and might,
Then why should I not use this thing,
To thwart the lightning blight.

So, stooping down, he strings the iron,
With slender copper wire,
And reaching home, he hung it on
The very tupmost spire.

That night a fierce electric storm
Shook all the country 'round,
And the loud roar of thunder was,
The only audible sound.

Just then, as chance would have it,
The lightning struck the spire,
But instead of causing damage,
It just ran along the wire.

And then continued on its way,
Until it reached the sod,
Thus Franklin, by the use of brains,
Discovered the lightning rod.

—Robert L. Elder.

TO OUR TEACHER AT OAKMONT.

The hill of knowledge looms afar,
Above our youthful gaze,
And as we look on that bright star
We stand entranced, amazed.

We wonder can we ever climb
Up to those glorious heights,
Where knowledge God's best gift we find,
And claim its pure delights.

Ah! not alone in our own strength
Can we those heights ascend.
We needs must seek in well-trained minds,
Some strong, true loyal friends.

AT THIS AGE WE CAN PLANT GOOD SEED IN THE HEARTS OF CHILDREN

And then our hearts in gladness turn,
In gratitude to you
Whose lives are spent in training youth
In knowledge pure and true.

And in our teachers, one and all,
These blessed friends we find,
Devoting life's best energies,
To educate our minds.

Life's challice holds no purer gem,
Than our fond love and true,
So may God's blessings fill your lives
As ours are filled by you.

—Selected

TO ROBERT WITH A GIFT.

Dear boy, this book that here I send,
Most faithfully portrays,
The life of Christ in infancy,
And in his boyhood days.

Now since your gentle heart has been
Touched by God's voice of love,
And Christ has bid you shun all sin,
And live for Heaven above.

And as the path of life stands full
Of dangers for all youth,
I ask you dear, to learn of Christ,
From this blessed book of truth.

If you take Christ your Saviour in,
To be your boyhood friend,
He'll shield you from all power of sin,
And from all harm defend.

Then take this book and learn of Him,
Who sinless boyhood trod,
Oh may Christ take you by the hand,
And lead you home to God.

A PRAYER FOR GUIDANCE.

As I stepped across the portal
Of my home; a new-made bride,
There and then I raised an altar
Asking God to be our guide.

As the future stretched before us,
Far out into unknown space,
Then my soul felt need of guidance,
Need of God's dear love and grace.

Standing in that new found silence,
Then my heart sent forth this prayer,
For the husband standing by me;
Shield and guide him Lord, with care.

Let adverse winds destroy our hopes,
And sorrow come with crushing power,
I only ask of Thee, my God,
To be my husband's guiding star.

Oh let me to him prove a light,
To shine along the heavenly road,
Control my every thought aright,
And safely lead his soul to God.

Grant me but this, I ask no more,
I seek not wealth nor gaudy show,
But God my Father, grant me power,
To be my husband's guiding star.

BIRTHDAY SOCIAL GREETINGS.

Our meeting here tonight, my friends,
Is plainly understood.
We meet for social intercourse,
And for our mutual good.

We meet to pay a tribute,
And our good will to extend,
To a member of our Bible class,
A staunch, true, loyal friend.

We trust her worthy object
May meet with great success,
And many names be added
To our Bible Class through this.

OUR BIBLE CLASS'S BIRTHDAY PARTY.

Another Birthday comes to you, my friend,
From out the vast recesses of God's love.
Comes to you laden with some Heavenly gifts,
That God Himself sends to you from His home above.
The gift of life God gives you, knowing well
That you will give Him home room in your heart.
And that each birthday brings new joy to tell,
Another year you have lived a Christian's part.

Life, love, home, children—all Heaven's purest gifts,
Are sent to you this day, that you may know
That God your Father His care of you will keep,
While you His seed of truth and knowledge sow.

Friends too, God gives you as we hereby prove,
By gladly meeting with you here tonight.
And bringing you our gifts to show our love,
And our devotion to your cause of right.

Our Bible Class, we love it, well we may,
For therein we can find life's purest gems,
And may this social evening tend to sway,
The hearts of all the ladies here tonight to attend,
Our Bible Class.

ROBIN.

I heard a robin sing this morn
In joyous happy glee,
He sings a song upon a branch,
Of every near-by tree.

See, there he stands, the glorious bird,
His sunshine to bestow,
With heart and voice so full of joy,
He can but sing, you know.

Dear robin, always singing praise,
To God because he gives
To you the wondrous gift of power,
To teach us how to live.

I would that we might sing our praise,
Like you, at early dawn,
Oh robin, teach us all to raise
Our hearts and voice in song.

Teach us like you, to praise the Lord,
And His great mercies sing,
'Til every heart with sweet accord,
With you Heaven's joybells ring.

TO A ROBIN.

Robin dear, I hear you sing,
In this glad early morning,
Praising God whose gift you are
Sent for earth's adorning.

Robin in that tree so tall,
Do you not fear falling,
As you swing on topmost bough,
Singing God's "Good morning."

Robin dear, your wondrous song,
Sent to hearts grown weary,
In the dawn of each new day,
Comes with message cheering.

Robin, do you know t'was God
Sent you on this mission,
Telling all who hear you sing,
Praise is life's fruition.

Robin dear, I'll gladly rise
Early each new morning,
And my praise, like yours I'll sing,
For life eternal dawning.

TO A ROBIN.

Dear robin, thou bright bird of Spring,
I wonder if you know
The magic power that you sing forth,
To set our hearts aglow.

Dear robin, can you not explain,
To me the power and skill,
That teaches you, then sends you forth,
Your mission to fulfill.

I wonder, robin, do you know,
How great your power to cheer,
For all sad hearts through wintry days,
Are glad when you appear.

How do you know to find the trail,
In early days of Spring?
That brings you back to make us all,
So glad to hear you sing.

You come each year to open up,
The path to God in song,
To fill all hearts with love and cheer,
And glad, sweet praise prolong.

TO A BABY.

Dear little child, thy coming,
As a rosebud, pure and white,
To fill the hearts that love thee,
With rapturous delight.

Pure bud, each day we see thee,
Unfolding leaves so white,
No sin of life hath touched thee,
Sweet treasure, Heaven's glad sight.

God's richest blessing center
Upon thy life, dear child,
For father, mother and all friends,
In God's dear love abide.

And, as the years pass onward,
And you in full bloom flower,
Gain strength to send sweet fragrance,
To cheer some life's dark hours.

May you have found your mission,
With power sent from above,
To find life's glad fruition,
Is centered in God's love.

OUR CLASS NAME.

A new edict has been sent forth
That our good class excel
Must break her ranks and thereby form
Another class as well.

Let us be generous and donate
Our class name to the men
We'll take another next of kin
And build our ranks again.

Give us the name excelsior
And let each member try
To send our watch word loud and clear
Resounding to the sky.

And when we come each Sabbath morn
With hearts attuned to praise
And with our lessons well prepared
Excelsior we'll raise.

And as we strive each week, each day
Each hour God's love to show
We'll find within the hearts of each
Rich Bible truths will grow.

Then let us give ourselves anew
To God whom we adore
Deep in our hearts the echo wakes
Christ our excelsior.

TO THELMA.

Dear child, today you joined the church,
And vowed that you would be
A child of God, and strive to live
Your life in purity.

A life of kindness, love and truth,
Of duty, joy and peace.
And God will bless your efforts, dear,
His care will never cease.

Now God will dominate your life
And His dear love will be
A present help in time of need,
A tower of strength to thee.

And if thy foot should falter, dear,
E'en if perchance you fall,
Kneel at the cross in fervent prayer,
There Christ forgives us all.

But be a child, a happy child,
Strive all God's laws to obey,
And Christ will lead you safely home,
To Heaven's unending day.

TO TWO GUILD BOYS.

Dear little children, how my heart
Has pitied you this day.
Your pleasant smiles are turned to tears,
Your heart is sad always.

With father hurt, and mother sad,
You do not want to play,
To work, to study, or be good,
On this dark, dreary day.

But one thing, dear ones, we can do
Together, you and I,
Ask Christ, our Leader, to look down
In pity from on high.

And bless your father in his pain,
Your mother in her woe,
And bless you Guild boys with His love
Wherever you may go.

God bless you, dear ones, in your grief,
And bless you in your joy,
And make you, as through life you go
Good, faithful Christian boys.

TO THE SNOW-DROP.

Dear little snow-drop when you came
To us last Sabbath morn
Sent by the kindest of a friend
The sick room to adorn.

Brought by a child so like to thee
Pure, loving, kind and true
Her heart like yours filled with God's love
Rang sweet joybells anew.

Beneath the cold earth-clad snow bed
You slept your sleep of peace
Knowing that God's dear love and care
O'er you would never cease.

Now Spring is here new life God gives
O let your joybells ring
Till all earth knows God's wondrous love
Through you blessed flowers of Spring.

In life's small things be resolute and great
To keep thy muscles trained
Knowest though when fate thy measure takes
Or when she says to thee
I find thee worthy do this thing for me.

—Selected

STANDARD BEARER.

Standard bearers rise to conquest,
Forward now, in days of youth,
Let us this hour of life's bright morning,
Prove your loyal worth and truth.

Standard bearers, ask your Leader,
To renew each day your love,
And with guiding hand to help you,
Fill life's ranks for heaven above.

Standard bearers, God your Father,
Placed these banners in your hands,
May Christ coming find you worthy,
Waiting still for God's commands.

Standard bearers, lead right onward,
Standard bearers, lead right onward,
Let no thought of ease assail,
Onward, upward, ever leading,
May God's love in you prevail.

WAIT WEARY HEART.

Be not in such great haste, my heart,
Have faith in God and stand and wait,
And though it seems He will not come,
He never yet has come too late.

Wait thou and give thy spirit rest,
Seek not to hasten days that roll,
The feet that tread the path of God,
Are sure some day to reach the goal.

I would my soul that thou might heed
And let thy inmost spirit rest,
Be still and know that I am God,
And for thy good send what is best.

Praise God my soul and know each day,
That as you labor here for right,
Your tired feet will tread life's way,
And Christ will lead you home at night.

A CHILD'S PRAYER.

God my Father, in the morning,
When my eyes first see the light,
Then my heart awakes to thank Thee,
For Thy care throughout the night.

I will ask Thee now, dear Father,
In Thy care place me this day,
Teach me to love and obey Thee,
When I work and when I play.

Thou hast love for little children,
Lord, I am a child—take me,
Let no sin e'er dim the brightness,
Of the love I have for Thee.

Then, dear Lord, for Thee I scatter
Seeds of kindness, love and truth,
Only teach me more to know Thee,
Now, dear Lord, in early youth.

Then I will not fear the future,
For I know Thy love and care,
Will, abiding ever near me,
Keep Thy child safe everywhere.

TO MRS. CAMPBELL ON LEAVING UNITY.

The Juniors all are sad tonight,
They know they lose a friend
When Mrs. Campbell leaves this church
Some other to attend.

In life's bright morn you taught us
To trust our Father's love
To help us do our duty
And live for heaven above.

Believe us as we journey up
The steps of life's broad plain
The Juniors all will think of you,
And hope we'll meet again.

The sick will miss your dainties,
The weary hearts your prayers;
Indeed, dear friend, we'll miss you
At all times, everywhere.

TO THE CHILDREN.

Dear little ones, in life's young days,
I loved the children all,
A child could always touch my heart,
And hold me in its thrall.

All through my life I tried to be
To little ones a guide,
And by the constant help of God,
Pure life for them provide.

For naught on earth can lead a child,
In paths of love and truth,
As can our daily prayers poured forth,
To God the font of youth.

Then heed your teachers, as they strive,
To plant in your young life,
God's precious seeds to grow on earth,
And bloom in Paradise.

Christ loved the children, and we know,
To them much power is given,
To hold aloft Christ's love to shine,
And light the path to heaven.

A small lamp, brightly burnished,
Will send its rays afar,
The pure life of a little child,
Shines like a heavenly star.

ROSEBUD.

My sweetheart, have you ever been told,
The tale of the rosebud white,
That came from heaven on earth to unfold,
And bless us with such pure delight.

I'll tell you the story, my sweetheart, my own,
Of how, when our hearts were most sad,
God, in His mercy, gave us the pure bud,
And constrained us by love to be glad.

God gave us this pure bud, and each day we see,
Its white leaves unfold to the light,
Oh, may we be worthy this bud to possess,
And train it for God and the right.

It was thee, my dear loved one, yes thou art the bud,
The Father has placed in our care,
We pray to Him daily for wisdom and strength,
To keep thee pure, spotless and fair.

But loved one, to you God has given a work,
A mission of love to fulfill,
Be faithful, be true in your youth seek the Lord,
And learn early to do God's own will.

A MOTHER'S GIFT.

Dear broken-hearted mother,
All true friends sympathize,
With you in this, your noble gift,
Your country's sacrifice.

Your boy you gave, your well beloved,
You sent him forth to be,
A bulwark of brave, glorious strength,
A shield for Liberty!

No one but God can ever know,
The volume vast and great,
Of broken hearts, sight, tears and prayers,
That reached fair Heaven's gate.

Our righteous war had not been won
Had mothers never given,
Their gifts of love, their glorious sons,
A sacrifice to Heaven.

Oh noble mothers, may the crown
Of life your brows shall wear,
Be set with gems of Heaven's pure light,
Fond mother's holy prayers.

A MOTHER'S LOSS.

Dear mother, how we pity you,
In this dark hour of pain,
With you we kneel to ask that God,
Will comfort and sustain.

We, too, have known what 'tis to lose,
A loved one by death's power,
Prevading all life with its tears,
Life's darkest, dreariest hour.

God's ways we cannot understand,
But this we all have known,
That if we trust Christ's guiding hand,
He always leads us home.

Your boy has early reached his home,
No more can fear of sin,
Or fierce temptations overcome,
With Christ he has entered in.

Gods leads us all through waters deep,
Before we reach life's goal,
To purge the dross from out the gold,
And purify our souls.

VALENTINE DAY.

If Valentines bring to each friend that they reach
As much joy as they have brought my way,
Then I hope none will grow too old to be glad
When they hear that 'tis Valentine Day.

The night before Valentine Day, as I read
The newspaper, my evening employ,
My eye caught this sentence at once, as it said,
Old people no pleasures enjoy.

I beg to refute it, for well do I know
That all such pure pleasures are mine,
And I know that I find as much pleasure today,
As I did in the far past old time.

In fact, I think more pleasure comes to me now,
For in past years I labored to be
The maker of joys, for the dear ones I loved,
Forgetful of self as you see.

And if to my life a few more years are given,
(I count now above seventy-five)
Yet still I shall scatter good seeds for that heaven,
Where the purest of pleasures abide.

For now I have nothing to do but be glad,
And enjoy all pure pleasures I see,
For the children God gave me, now carry earth's cares
And make life a blest Eden for me.

ANOTHER VALENTINE.

I read the daily papers,
And therein I am told,
That no one sends a valentine,
To one that has grown old.

That cannot be, for on my desk,
Lay valentines galore,
That I have just received, and yet,
I am seventy-five, and more.

I tell you, friends, what I do think,
Old people make mistake,
They put their hearts to sleep instead
Of keeping wide awake.

WILLING WORKERS EVERY ONE.

I know that I am happy,
Just as happy as can be,
And the happiness of those I love,
Makes joy in life for me.

A VALENTINE.

One valentine I will describe,
It gives me joy to see,
And if I can, I'll try to tell,
Just what it means to me.

The background blue to show how true,
Your dear heart is to me,
The base or stand secured by bands,
Of firm integrity.

The center shows a firm true heart
Stood out in bold relief,
Wreathed all 'round with roses rare,
And pure white doves of peace.

The center also shows a heart,
On pedestal above,
A bank of roses beautiful,
And buds of future love.

And on the top a little child,
Sits smiling down at me,
And reaching forth her hand she holds,
Two hearts in one, I see.

Your heart and mine, dear friend, have been,
Cemented by God's love,
We'll work together in His cause,
'Til called to Heaven above.

A VALENTINE.

Of all the many valentines
My friends to me did send,
None gave me greater pleasure,
Than this picture of my friend.

Loyal and true she hath ever been,
In pleasure and in pain,
With open heart and hand she stands,
None seek her help in vain.

May life's pure treasure fount pour forth,
For her its glorious wealth,
And all her days hold life's best gifts,
Love, happiness and health.

A VALENTINE FROM ISABELLE

And still another Valentine
I have received today.
A picture of a dear child's face,
How sweet no tongue can say.

She is standing out upon the green,
All dressed in dainty white,
She holds a basket in her hand,
Sweet vision of delight.

In that bright smiling face I see,
The latent power for good,
The child, pure bud of future life,
And glorious womanhood.

May seeds of purity and love
Your basket fill, my dear,
And may your life devoted be
To sowing seeds of cheer.

The four hearts that you sent to me,
Mean friends so kind to you,
They teach you all God's laws to obey,
And to thyself be true.

TO MARION THE DAY SHE WAS BORN.

I meet thee at the door of life,
Pure, sinless as thou art,
And lay this gift of God's dear love,
On the altar of thine heart.

This Book I bring is God's own word,
To little children given,
To guide their youthful minds aright,
And lead them safe to heaven.

I loved this book when but a child,
I gave my heart to God,
I love it now in life's decline,
Blessed anchor of His word.

I give this precious book, to thee,
And when I've passed away,
It will guide thee til we meet again,
In God's eternal day.

GIFT OF FLOWERS FROM THE JUNIORS.

Dear Juniors:
Please accept my thanks
For the love you sent to me,
Embodied in those pure, white flowers,
Emblems of purity.

Pure, fragrant buds, so like the life
Of Juniors here today,
Before the tainted breath of sin,
Blows innocence away.

Dear Juniors, heed your teachers' voice
Walk in the paths they show,
'Twill lead to Christ, from out whose love,
Immortal flowers grow.

THE PITTSBURGH NEWSBOYS

I walked adown the path of life,
And met with many joys,
But none can supercede the bliss,
Just given me by the boys.

The Pittsburgh Newsboys—blessed type,
Of good men soon to be—
Have made a cast of their ideal,
And sent that same to me.

A cast of Lincoln; he it is
Each newsboy ever tries
To emulate that noble life,
And like brave Lincoln rise.

Dear boys, I do not even know,
The names of those whose hands,
Have wrought for me this precious gift,
Of the hero of our land.

But this I know, my heart responds,
In thankfulness and joy,
To know, no land holds truer hearts
Than our Pittsburgh Newsboys

TO A BOY WITH A BROKEN ARM.

Dear Calvin, if you could but know,
How I have pitied you,
Then you would know that if I could,
I'd spend some hours with you.

I would love to come, and we could talk,
Of all life's sweetest joys,
Of love and kindness, home and friends,
And then of you, dear boys.

We'd talk of what you mean to be,
When you become a man,
A power for good, a guiding hand,
To do good where're you can.

Then bravely bear your pain, dear boy,
And let your heart keep strong,
We need all boys like you, you know,
To help us right Life's wrongs.

A GIFT OF A BOOK.

Dear child, today you are sheltered,
In a home of love and joy,
And yet you now are building,
Your ship of life, dear boy.

Yes child, each word, each action,
Of yours in work or play,
Is used to build for you a ship,
To sail on life's rough way.

We build our ships for Heaven,
Of the thoughts within our heart
And so I send this book, dear,
To be your guide and chart.

You are sure to need a true friend,
With you on life's rough sea,
And I would pray you now, dear,
Let Christ your pilot be.

Then no harm can befall you,
For Christ will calm each wave,
With His dear love about you,
And His great power to save.

A SNOW-BIRD STORY.

A story, a story, well, little ones, come
For a story might help to beguile
Your innocent tho'ts, for a short time at least,
And your mother could rest for a while.

Well, what shall I tell you, dear little ones now,
Of flowers or birdies or bees?
Of all, everyone of them, don't leave one out,
Come, come now, dear children, don't tease.

A story, with everything thrown into one!
I don't think your minds could contain.
But this I will say, while I visit you here,
If you're good, I'll tell stories again.

Well, don't clap so hard, but sit quiet and still,
And I'll tell you about a deep snow.
That hid all the ground and came up to the sill,
Clear up to the window, you know.

There were five little girls, near the window they stood,
And each one with a doll of her own.
For old Santa Claus had come in on that snow,
And had made us all happy at home.

My dolly got broken, my heart had 'broke' too,
And I stood by my mother and cried,
As she sat by the window and looked at the snow
Oh, Mama, my dollie has died.

Well, don't cry, my darling, when Katie comes home
She will fix up your dolly all new.
But stand here, my children, I'll teach you today
Of something I want you to do.

So quietly, gently, she raised up the sash
Of the window, and scattered the seed,
That she always kept near her when taking her rest.
For deep snow made birds hungry indeed.

What a great flock of birdies came down on that snow
To twitter and chatter and cheep.
Oh! what are they saying, dear mother, do tell,
Thanking God they found something to eat.

Dear ones, let this story take root in your hearts,
Without it no life is complete.
Keep good seeds close by you to scatter in need.
And thank God when you've something to eat.

HELEN'S BIRTHDAY.

Dear Helen once again I come
With love and roundelay
To wish you health and happiness
On this your new birthday.

May you in this new year be given
Health, happiness and love
And may your dear young heart o'erflow
In song to God above.

May every birthday bring to you
Rare joys and glad bright days
And may your sweet young life be filled
With peace, health, love and praise.

I love to look upon a child
And think how great their power
To scatter sunshine in this world
And brighten life's dark hours.

GIFT TO A BABY.

Dear little child, glad welcome,
We come to give to you,
So sweet and frail, so innocent,
So Christ-like, pure and true.

We're glad thy pathway is shielded,
By parents whose blessed life,
Devoted to God's service,
Will train thee for the strife.

May God's dear love be o'er you
May good health be your dower,
May your young life be glad and gay,
And sweet as nature's flowers.

And, as you grow in years, dear
In knowledge best for you,
May you love God sincerely,
And to yourself be true.

Accept this little gift, dear,
It is sent that we may tell
We are glad to have you with us,
And we hereby wish you well.

TO OUR JUNIOR TEACHERS.

Dig deep within the children's hearts,
And plant the precious seeds,
Of kindness, truth and God's dear love,
Of such this earth hath need.

Within the heart of every child,
Responsive feelings flow.
Be yours the power to wake that chord,
And see God's flowers grow.

Think not that you have toiled in vain,
And never weary grow.
Our God will bless your labors here,
As on through life you go.

Be ever faithful unto death,
Rest will come safe and sure,
God has for you a crown of life,
That will for aye endure.

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

One year ago today friends laid
Your dear grandma to rest
She had done her work, had sown her seed
And now sleeps with the blest.

Her life she filled with kindly deeds
God filled her life with love
She did her duty while on earth
Now lives in heaven above.

God's finger touched and she sleeps
To wait the blest command
To rise and join the ransom host
And dwell at God's right hand.

CARE OF THE CHILDREN.

Be careful of the children,
When their thinking days arrive,
And their childhood wakes within them,
Oh, parents, then be wise.

For then the seed you are sowing
Will find a fertile field.
The young child's heart waking
To good or ill will yield.
God bids us love our children,
And train them as we should,
The seeds of good or evil
Are sown in sweet childhood.

Then use your God-giv'n talents,
To train each child you own.
And lead them safely, surely,
Through life toward Heaven, their home.

Our God is ever watchful
Of the seeds we each have sown,
In the hearts of little children,
Who our Saviour called his own.

THE WAYSIDE WELL.

Beneath my casement in plain view
Upon the bright green sod
There stands in bold relief a gift
A blessing from our God.

In days gone by this God given gift
Has stood the test of time
No heat assails, no cold can harm
This wondrous gift sublime.

From early morn till close of day
Ah! oft in night's dark hours
The weary ones will wend their way
To this blessed gift of ours.

A well of water plenteous cool
Refreshing, sweet and pure
Enough for all yet hidden deep
Beneath the earth's dark floor.

I wonder as we stand and drink
Each cooling cup of bliss
How many pause with upraised hand
And say "Thank God for this".

If each one drinking at this well
Would teach their hearts to say
"I thank my God for giving me
This wayside well today".

How many happy thoughts would rise
To God our Father's throne
If each would give one word of thanks
For blessings God has shown.

DUTY.

Dear friends another duty
Devolves on us today
To give our heartfelt sympathy
And to God our Father pray.

That in His tender mercies
And by His infinite power
He will shield those two young hearts today
In this life's darkest hour.

The loss of parents, home and friends
In this their early youth
Might cause their feet to wander far
From out the path of truth.

Then let us ask our God in prayer
That Christ dear love be given
To lead, protect and keep them safe
Till home is found in Teaven.
Your Mother's Bible Class.

COMFORT.

Dear young friends may you in life find
The blessed rest complete
By casting all your heavy load
Of sorrows at Christ's feet.

He came to help us bear life's woes
Came down from Heaven to die,
That we might in life's darkest hour,
Find Christ and comfort nigh.

We each must climb Golgotha's hill,
Each one must bear their cross,
But if we let Christ guide our steps
We ne'er can suffer loss.

Then heed the dear Christ's voice dear friends,
Yield not to dark despair
God's mercies shine through all dark clouds
Come seek life's comfort there.

Your Mother's Bible Class.

WELCOME TO THE MISSION GIRLS.

The Missionary ladies
Their good will here extend.
And bid a gracious welcome
To each young mission friend.

As one by one we enter
Our heavenly home above
And thus our ranks diminish
We turn to you with love.

We ask that God's rich blessing
Your young lives may so fill
That all your lives may praise Him
And do His gracious will.

THANKS.

We thank the ladies that have given
To us this pleasant day.
We thank them too for showing us
The pure, right heavenly way.

And as we each one climb the hill
That all your feet have trod
We ask your prayers that we be led
In safety home to God.

HELLO.

When you meet a man in woe,
Step right up and say Hello,
Say hello and how'de do,
How's the world a-usin' you?

Slap the fellow on the back,
Bring your hand down with a whack,
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Walk right up and say Hello.

Is he clothed in rags, O sho,
Walk right up and say Hello
Rags is just a cotton roll,
Used for wrappin' up a soul,
And a soul is worth a true
Hale and hearty how de do,
Don't wait for the crowd to go,
Grip his hand and say Hello.

When great vessels meet, they say,
They salute and sail away,
Just the same are you and me
Sailin' on a boundless sea,
Each one sailing his own log,
To the port behind the fog,
Let your speaking trumpet blow,
Lift your horn and say Hello.

Say Hello and how de do,
Other folks as good as you,
When you leave this house of clay,
For the land so far away,
When you go beyond that strange
Country 'tother side the range,
Then the friends you've helped will know
Who you be, and say Hello.

—Selected.

SOWING GOOD SEED.

Our life may be short, and we know not just when
God's call may come to us and bid us come home,
But this we do know, we are ready each day,
If we're sowing good seed all along life's highways,
Sowing good seeds in pure kindly deeds.
For life, God and Heaven, keep sowing good seeds.

We know that when sowing seed sent from above,
That as on earth we walk through the fields of God's
love,
We learn soon to choose to sow good seeds, not ill,
For sowing good seeds, we our destiny fill.
So sow the good seed, keep sowing good seed,
If you value life's blessings, keep sowing good seed.

Cast thy bread on the waters, it may seem to be lost
Or you may have forgotten, not counting its cost.
But ever through life as you wander and pause,
Surprised at the Justice and Truth of God's laws,
You will find, if you search out that prophecy true
Your bread cast on the waters has returned to you.

'Twill return to you, bringing God's pardon for sin,
When that day comes, that will come, when you
strive to get in
To that haven of rest that God offers to all
Who are weary of sin and respond to His call,
If you help in His harvest and sow the good seed
In the hearts of all people as you find life hath need.
Once again, let me sound it, this best of all creeds,
Fill your hearts with God's love and keep sowing
good seed.

THE GOLDEN SIDE NO. 1.

There is many a race in the road of life,
If we would but stop to take it,
And many a tone from the better land,
If the querulous heart would make it,
To the sunny soul that is full of hope,
And whose beautiful trust never faileth,
The grass is green and the flowers are bright,
Though the winter prevaileth.

Better to hope though the clouds hang low,
And to keep the eye still lifted,
For a sweet blue sky will still peep through,
When the anxious clouds are rifted,
There was never a night without a day,
Or an evening without a morning,
And the darkest hour so the proverb goes,
Is the hour before the dawning.

THE GOLDEN SIDE NO. 2.

There is many a gem in the path of life,
Which we pass in our idle pleasure,
That is richer far than the jeweled crown,
Or a miser-hoarded treasure,
It may be the love of a little child,
Or a mother's prayer to heaven,
Or only a beggar's grateful thanks,
For a cup of cold water given.

Better to weave in the web of life,
A bright and golden filling,
And do God's work with a ready heart,
And hands that are prompt and willing,
Than to snap the delicate minute threads,
Of our curious lives asunder,
And then blame heaven for the tangled ends,
And sit and grieve and wonder.

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

TODAY AND TOMORROW.

Don't tell me of tomorrow,
Give me the man who'll say
That when a good deed is to be done.
Let's do that deed today.

ALL SEEM HAPPY HEARTED.

We may all command the present,
If we act and never wait,
But repentance is the phantom,
Of a past that comes too late.

Don't tell me of tomorrow,
There is much to do today,
That can never be accomplished,
If we throw the hours away,
Every moment has its duty,
None the future can foretell,
Then why put off 'til tomorrow,
What today can do as well.

Don't tell me of tomorrow,
If we look upon the past,
How much that we have left to do,
We can never do at last,
Today! it is the only time,
For all on this frail earth,
It takes an age to form a life,
A moment gives it birth.

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

THE OLD ARM-CHAIR.

I love it, I love it, and who will dare
To chide me for loving that old arm-chair?
I've treasured it long as a sainted prize,
I've bedewed it with tears and embalmed it with sighs,
It is bound by a thousand bands to my heart,
Not a tie will break, not a link will start,
Would you learn the spell? A mother sat there,
And a sacred thing is that old arm-chair.

In childhood's hour I lingered near,
The hallowed seat, with list'ning ear,
And gentle words that mother would give,
To fit me to die and teach me to live,
She told me shame would never betide,
With Truth for my creed and God for my guide,
She taught me to lisp my earliest prayer,
As I knelt beside that old arm-chair.

I sat and watched her many a day,
When her eye grew dim and her locks were gray,
And I almost worshiped her when she smiled,
And turned from her Bible to bless her child.
Years rushed on, but the last one sped,
My idol was shattered, my earth star fled,
I learned how much a heart can bear,
When I saw her die in that old arm-chair.

'Tis past, 'tis past, but I gaze on it now,
With quivering breath and throbbing brain,
It was there she nursed me, twas there she died,
And memory flows like a lava tide,
Say it is folly and call me weak,
While the scalding drops start down my cheek,
But I love it, I love it, and cannot tear,
My heart from my mother's old arm-chair.

LOOK ALOFT.

In the tempest of life, when the wave and the gale
Are around and above, if thy footing should fail,
If thine eye should grow dim, and thy caution depart,
"Look aloft!" and be firm, and be fearless of heart.

If the friend who embraced in prosperity's glow,
With a smile for each joy and a tear for each woe,
Should betray thee when sorrows like clouds are array'd,
"Look aloft!" to the friendship which never shall fade.

Should the visions which hope spreads in light to thine eye,
Like the tints of the rainbow, but brighten to fly,
Then turn, and, through tears of repentant regret,
"Look aloft" to the sun that is never to set.

Should they who are dearest—the son of thy heart,
The wife of thy bosom—in sorrow depart,
"Look aloft," from the darkness and dust of the tomb,
To the soil where "affection is ever in bloom."

And oh! when death comes in his terrors, to cast
His fears on the future, his pall on the past,
In that moment of darkness, with hope in thy heart
And a smile in thine eye, "look aloft" and depart.

Osgood's Fifth Reader.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

Higher, higher will we climb
Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
In our country's story:
Happy, when her welfare calls,
He who conquers, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
In the mines of knowledge;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
Win from school and college
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward will we press
  Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
  Excellence true beauty:
Minds are of celestial birth:
Let us make a heaven of earth.

Close and closer then we knit
  Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside-comforts sit
  In the wildest weather:
Oh, they wander wide who roam,
For the joys of life, from home.

Nearer, dearer bands of love
  Draw our souls in union
To our Father's house above,
  To the saints communion:
Thither every hope ascend;
There may all our labors end.

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

CLEAR THE WAY.

Men of thought, be up and stirring
  Night and day;
Sow the seed, withdraw the curtain,
  Clear the way!
Men of action, aid and cheer them,
  As you may.
There's a fount about to stream,
There's a light about to beam,
There's a warmth about to glow,
There's a flower about to blow,
There's a midnight darkness
  Changing into gray.
Men of thought, and men of action,
  Clear the way!

Once the welcome light has broken,
Who shall say
What the unimagined glories
Of the day?
What the evil that shall perish
In its ray?
Aid the dawning, tongue and pen;
Aid it, hopes of honest men;
Aid it, paper; aid it type,
Aid it, for the hour is ripe;
And our earnest must not slacken
Into play.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

Lo! a cloud's about to vanish
From the day;
And a brazen wrong to crumble
Into clay!
Lo! the right's about to conquer;
Clear the way!
With the right shall many more
Enter smiling at the door;
With the giant wrong shall fall
Many others, great and small,
That for ages long have held us
For their prey.
Men of thought, and men of action,
Clear the way!

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

THE INQUIRY.

Tell me, ye winged winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?

Some lone and pleasant dell,
  Some valley in the west,
Where, free from toil and pain,
  The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
  And sigh'd for pity as it answered, "No."

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
  Whose billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favored spot,
  Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
  The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
  And friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
  Stopped for a while, and sigh'd to answer, "No."

And thou, serenest moon,
  That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth
  Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all the round,
  Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
  Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
  And a voice, sweet but sad, responded, "No."

Tell me, my secret soul,
  O tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting-place
  From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot,
  Where mortals may be blessed,
Where grief may find a balm,
  And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope and Love, best boons to mortals given,
  Waved their bright wings, and whispered, "Yes, in Heaven!"

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

THE BURIAL OF MOSES.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave;
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streaks on ocean's cheek
Grow into the great sun.

Noiselessly as the spring-time
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On gray Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Look'd on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking
Still shuns that hallaw'd spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners takn,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute-gun.

Amid the noblest of the land
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honor'd place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior
That ever buckled sword,
This the most gifted poet
That ever breathed a word,
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page, truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land,
To lay him in the grave?

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, oh, wondrous thought
Before the Judgment day,

And stand with glory rapt around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life,
With the Incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still,
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him He loved so well.

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

THE OLD MAN BY THE WAYSIDE

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Oft I marked him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing:
Poor, unknown,—
By the wayside, on a mossy stone.

Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat,
Coat as ancient as the form 'twas folding,
Silver buttons, qeue, and crimpt cravat,
Oaken staff his feeble hand upholding,
There he sat
Buckled knee and shoe, and broad-rimmed hat.

Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there,
No one sympathizing, no one heeding,
None to love him for his thin gray hair,
And the furrows all so mutely pleading
Age and care:
Seem'd it pitiful he should sit there.

It was summer, and we went to school,
Dapper country lads and little maidens,
Taught the motto of the "Dunce's stool,"
(Its grave import still my fancy ladens,)—
"HERE'S A FOOL!"
It was summer, and we went to school.

When the stranger seemed to mark our play,
Some of us were joyous, some sad-hearted;
I remember well, too well, that day!
Oftentimes the tears unbidden started,—
Would not stay,—
When the stranger seem'd to mark our play.

One sweet spirit broke the silent spell;
Ah! to me her name was always heaven!
She besought him all his grief to tell,
(I was thirteen, and she eleven,)
ISABEL!
One sweet spirit broke the silent spell.

"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old:
Earthly hope no longer hath a morrow:
Yet, why I sit here thou shalt be told."
Then his eye betray'd a pearl of sorrow;—
Down it rolled
"Angel", said he, sadly, "I am old!"

"I have tottered here to look once more
On the pleasant scene where I delighted
In the careless, happy days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have tottered here to look once more!

"All the picture now to me how dear!
E'en this gray old rock where I am seated
Is a jewel worth my journey here:
Ah, that such a scene must be completed
With a tear!
All the picture now to me how dear!

"Old stone school-house! it is still the same!
There's the very step I so oft mounted;
There's the window creaking in its frame,
And the notches that I cut and counted,
For the game!
Old stone school-house! it is still the same

"In the cottage yonder I was born;
Long my happy home that humble dwelling;
There the fields of clover, wheat, and corn,
There the spring, with limpid nectar swelling.
Ah, forlorn!
In the cottage yonder I was born.

"There's the orchard where we used to climb
When my mates and I were boys together,
Thinking nothing of the flight of time,
Fearing naught but work and rainy weather,—
Past its prime!
There's the orchard where we used to climb!

"There's the mill that ground our yellow grain;
Pond and river still serenely flowing;
Cot, there nestling in the shaded lane,
Where the lily of my heart was blowing,—
Mary Jane!
There's the mill that ground our yellow grain!

"There's the gate on which I used to swing,
Brook, and bridge, and barn, and old red stable;
But alas; no more the morn shall bring
That dear group around my father's table,—
Taken wing!
There's the gate on which I used to swing!

"I am fleeing! all I loved are fled
Yon green meadow was our place for playing;
That old tree can tell of sweet things said,
When around it I and Jane were straying:
She is dead!
I am fleeing! all I loved are dead!

"Yon white spire,—a pencil on the sky,
Tracing silently life's changeful story,—
So familiar to my dim old eye,
Points me to seven that are now in glory
There on high!
Yon white spire,—a pencil on the sky!

"Oft the aisle of that old church we trod,
Guided thither by an angel mother;
Now she sleeps beneath its sacred sod;
Sire and sisters, and my little brother;
Gone to God!
Oft the aisle of that old church we trod!

"There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways;
Bless the holy lesson! but, ah, never
Shall I hear again those songs of praise,
Those sweet voices, silent now for ever;
Peaceful days!
There I heard of wisdom's pleasant ways!

"There my Mary blest me with her hand.
When our souls drank in the nuptial blessing,
Ere she hasten'd to the spirit land,
Yonder turf her gentle bosom pressing:
Broken band!
There my Mary blest me with her hand!

"I have come to see that grave once more,
And the sacred place where we delighted,—
Where we worship'd in the days of yore,
Ere the garden of my heart was blighted
To the core!
I have come to see that grave once more.

"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old!
Earthly hope no longer has a morrow:
Now, why I sit here thou hast been told."
In his eye another pearl of sorrow,—
Down it roll'd!
"Angel," said he, sadly, "I am old."

By the wayside, on a mossy stone,
Sat a hoary pilgrim, sadly musing;
Still I mark'd him sitting there alone,
All the landscape like a page perusing:
Poor, unknown,—
By the wayside, on a mossy stone!
—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

LITTLE JIM.

The cottage was a thatch'd one,
The outside old and mean,
Yet everything within that cot
Was wondrous neat and clean.

The night was dark and stormy,
The wind was howling wild;
A patient mother knelt beside
The death-bed of her child.

A little worn-out creature—
His once bright eyes grown dim;
It was a collier's only child—
They called him Little Jim.

And oh! to see the briny tears
Fast hurrying down her cheek,
As she offer'd up a prayer in thought—
She was afraid to speak,

Lest she might waken one she lov'd
Far better than her life;
For there was all a mother's love
In that poor collier's wife.

With hands uplifted, see! she kneels
Beside the sufferer's bed;
And prays that He will spare her boy,
And take herself instead!

She gets her answer from the child:
Soft fell these words from him:—
"Mother, the angels do so smile,
And beckon little Jim!

"I have no pain, dear mother, now,
But oh! I am so dry;
Just moisten poor Jim's lips again;
And, mother, don't you cry."

With gentle, trembling haste she held
The tea-cup to his lips;
He smiled, to thank her, as he took
Three little tiny sips.

"Tell father when he comes from work,
I said good night to him;
And, mother, now I'll go to sleep:"—
Alas, poor little Jim.

She saw that he was dying—
The child she lov'd so dear
Had utter'd the last words that she
Might ever hope to hear.

The cottage door was open'd;
The collier's step was heard;
The mother and the father met,
Yet neither spake a word!

He knew that all was over—
He knew his child was dead;
He took the candle in his hand,
And walked toward the bed.

His quiv'ring lips gave token
Of grief he'd fain conceal;
And see! his wife has join'd him,—
The stricken couple kneel!

With hearts bowed down with sadness,
They humbly ask of Him,
In heaven, once more, to meet again
Their own poor Little Jim.

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

THE PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art—to dust returnest,—
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act that each tomorrow
Find us farther than today.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,—
In the bivouac of life,—
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant;
Let the dead Past bury its dead;
Act,—ACT in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sand of time!

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

EACH ONE HERE WILL DO THEIR BEST.

THE SMACK IN SCHOOL.

A District school, not far away,
'Mid Berkshire hills, one winter's day,
Was humming with its wonted noise
Of three-score mingled girls and boys;
Some few upon their tasks intent,
But more on furtive mischief bent.

The while the master's downward look
Was fastened on a copy-book;
When suddenly, behind his back,
Rose sharp and clear a rousing smack!
As 'twere a battery of bliss
Let off in one tremendous kiss!

"What's that?" the startled master cries;
"That, thir," a little imp replies,
"Wath William Willeith, if you pleathe—
I thaw him kith Thuthanna Peathe!"
With frown to make a statue thrill,
The master thundered, "Hither, Will!"

Like wretch o'ertaken in his track,
With stolen chattels on his back,
Will hung his head in fear and shame,
And to the awful presence came—
A great, green, bashful simpleton,
The butt of all good-natured fun.

With smile suppressed, and birch upraised,
The threatener faltered—"I'm amazed
That you, my biggest pupil, should
Be guilty of an act so rude!
Before the whole set school to boot—
What evil genius put you to't?"

"'Twas she, herself, sir," sobbed the lad,
"I did not mean to be so bad;
But when Susannah shook her curls,
And whispered, I was 'fraid of girls,
And dursn't kiss a baby's doll,
I couldn't stand it, sir, at all,
But up and kissed her on the spot!
I know—boo-hoo—I ought to not,
But, somehow, from her looks,—boo-hoo—
I thought she kind o' wished me to!"
—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lip, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace:
From my heart I give thee joy;
I was once a barefoot boy!

Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy,
In the reach of ear and eye—
Outward sunshine, inward joy:
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day;
Health that mocks the doctor's rules;
Knowledge, never learned of schools,

Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;

How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the ground-nut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grapes' clusters shine;

Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

Oh! for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard and saw,
Me, their master, waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming-birds and honey-bees;

For my sport the squirrel played;
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;

Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;

Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the walnut slopes beyond,
Mine, on bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still, as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too;
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

Oh, for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me, like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch: pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the now-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool wind kiss the heat:

All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:

Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin,
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

THE BELLS.

Hear the sledges with the bells,
Silver bells
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle
In the icy air of night!
While the stars, that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to tinkle
With a crystalline delight,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!
From the molten golden notes,
And all in tune,

What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!

Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!

Hear the loud alarum bells,
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation to the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire
And a resolute endeavor,
Now, now to sit, or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!

How they clang and clash and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,

By the twanging
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells,
Of the bells!
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
In the clamor and the clangor of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells,
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone;
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.

And the people,—ah, the people!
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone;
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,—
They are neither man nor woman;
They are neither brute nor human:
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls:
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean from the bells!

And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells,
And he dances and he yells,
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells,
Of the bells!
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells;
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells;
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

EXCELSIOR.

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through an Alpine village pass'd
A youth, who bore, 'mid snow and ice,
A banner with a strange device,—
Excelsior!

His brow was sad; his eye beneath
Flashed like a falchion from its sheath,
And like a silver clarion rung
The accents of that unknown tongue,—
Excelsior!

In happy homes he saw the light
Of household fires gleam warm and bright;
Above, the spectral glacier shone;
And from his lips escaped a groan,—
Excelsior!

"Try not the pass" the old man said;
"Dark lowers the tempest overhead;
The roaring torrent is deep and wide!"
And loud that clarion voice replied,—
Excelsior!

"Beware the pine-tree's withered branch!
Beware the awful avalanche!"
This was the peasant's last good-night;
A voice replied, far up the height,—
Excelsior!

At break of day, as heavenward
The pious monks of Saint Bernard
Utter'd the oft repeated prayer,
A voice cried through the startled air,
Excelsior!

A traveler, by the faithful hound,
Half-buried in the snow was found,
Still grasping, in his hand of ice,
That banner with the strange device,—
Excelsior

There in the twilight, cold and gray,
Lifeless, but beautiful, he lay:
And from the sky, serene and far,
A voice fell, like a falling star,—
Excelsior!
—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

When the Norn Mother saw the whirlwind hour
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She left the Heaven of Heroes and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dasht through it all a strain of prophecy;
Tempered the heap with thrill of human tears;
Then mixt a laughter with the serious stuff.
Into the shape she breathed a flame to light
That tender, tragic, ever-changing face;
And laid on him a sense of the Mystic Powers,
Moving—all husht—behind the mortal vail.
Here was a man to hold against the world,
A man to match the mountains and the sea.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The smack and tang of elemental things:
The rectitude and patience of the cliff;
The good-will of the rain that loves all leaves;
The friendly welcome of the wayside well;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The secrecy of streams that make their way
Under the mountain to the rifted rock;
The tolerance and equity of light
That gives as freely to the shrinking flower
As to the great oak flaring to the wind—
To the grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky. Sprung from the West,
He drank the valorous youth of a new world.
The strength of virgin forests braced his mind,
The hush of spacious prairies stilled his soul.
His words were oaks in acorns; and his thoughts
Were roots that firmly gript the granite truth.

Up from log cabin to the Capitol,
One fire was on his spirit, one resolve—
To send the keen ax to the root of wrong,
Clearing a free way for the feet of God,
The eyes of conscience testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.
He built the rail-pile as he built the State,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow:
The grip that swung the ax in Illinois
Was on the pen that set a people free.

So came the Captain with the mighty heart;
And when the judgment thunders split the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient rest,
He held the ridgepole up, and spikt again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in whirlwind, he went down
As when a lordly cedar, green with boughs,
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.

—Edwin Markham.

Wishing that all readers might read this and revere the name of Lincoln.

UNITY BRANCH OF THE NATIONAL FRUIT AND FLOWER GUILD.

A story, one more before I go. Well girls, you have asked me what I mean by the Guild. Let us make a story of that, and I'll tell you truly how it came into our midst. I spent six weeks once in the hospital as company for a sick friend, and while there I made note of how glad the poor sick ones seemed if some one would send or bring them flowers, blessed gifts of flowers. God the Father then and there planted a little seed of pity in my heart,

gave me a whole package to plant at home, and when I went home in the early spring, I at once made ready to plant my seeds. Being anxious to find a fertile field (always found in children's hearts) I took my seed of pity with me and went to a school picnic, and while the children ate the dinner I told them the sad story of the suffering and sorrow I had seen, ending by saying, let us get up a band of willing workers to do kind things for them. How many are willing to join and pay five cents a month, and promise to all they can? Let us call the band the National Unity Branch of the Fruit and Flower Guild. I think every right hand in that crowd went up in accord with the proposition.

I went home well content to let the seed take root in their young hearts, but girls, I want to tell you this, that same evening two of those boys came to my door with a buggy load of flowers they had gone to the woods and gathered. Their buggy was full of white traliums, that is white wood lillies, for me to send to the hospital next morning. And children, I am so glad to tell you that from the seed sown in heart gardens in that schoolhouse yard has grown up a pure white monument, not made of marble, cold and lifeless, but of love, pity and sympathy for others. In the building of this our monument we strive to send joy and sunshine into every heart. I would tell you, dear ones, our Guild is not confined to children by any means. In the six years since we started, we are proud to tell, almost everybody in and out of the town, holds membership.

No doubt you will hear more about our monument as the days go by, but don't fail to remember that it was but the tiny seed of pity sown deep in children's hearts that gave the ground on which to build.

A small light, brightly burnished,
Will send its rays afar.
Christ's love in little children's hearts,
Shines out a heavenly star.

GUILD GREETING.

Ye Doctors, Lawyers and Ministers,
Conductors, Editors,
And every one whose names have graced
Our Guild Books heretofor.

We come again to ask you
Your allegiance to renew,
And help us start this glad New Year
And see it bravely through.

And we would also ask of you
Who never gave your name,
To take this time most opportune,
And come and join the same.

The Ladies Oh! we are sure of them,
They are always ready quite,
To join with loving hearts and hands,
To help us live for right.

Each town should have its own ideal,
A something all hold dear,
Our Guild will raise a monument
To sunshine, flowers and cheer.

It has been said by one who knows,
Worth never jumps, she creeps,
Our Guild has crept for five years now,
Come, stand her on her feet.

WILLING WORKERS.

Make us willing, make us earnest,
Make us just what we should be,
Help us strive to make life better,
Keep us from sin's thraldom free.

We would fain live each day better,
So much better than the rest,
Striving still to carry sunshine,
Into hearts by cares oppressed.

Do we know where sickness' shadows,
Hearts with pain and fear distressed,
Let us seek them out and cheer them,
May all life by us be blessed.

All the bright flowers of the hillsides,
Filled with beauty wondrous fair,
Let us gather them and send them,
Cheering others by our care.

God has filled our lives with comfort,
Blessed days with joy replete,
Let us scatter life's bright sunshine,
In the hearts of all we meet.

Now as our young lives are passing,
May we live each day with care,
Striving to do good and scatter,
God's free blessings everywhere.

A PLEA FOR MEMBERS.

Dear friends, tonight I come to tell
What everyone should know,
Just what our Flower Guild doth mean,
And what will make it grow.

It means that while God gives us health,
We labor to secure
The power to help all stricken ones,
Their sorrows to endure.

When pain and sickness lay friends low,
We hasten to procure,
The finest fruits and flowers that grow,
And thus God's love assure.

Five cents a month; how small the price,
The Guild asks you to pay,
That you may help relieve the load
Of sorrows on life's way.

Then come and join with us tonight,
And help our Guild to raise,
A monument to God's dear love,
A blessing for sad days.

FAIR UNITY.

Fair Unity, thou beauteous gem,
  Framed in and on these hills,
Thy air a panacea proves
  For all our numerous ills.

Thy fields of waving grain all speak
  Of husbandry well planned,
Thy fruit trees shower abundance down
  To bless this happy land.

Beneath the feet of those who walk,
  Thy hills are diamonds found,
Rare diamonds, source of untold wealth,
  And gas and oil abound.

But, Unity, a fairer gem
  Is found upon thy sod,
Within the homes and hearts of them
  Who love and serve thy God.

Come, Unity, thou favored one,
Count all thy mercies o'er,
Then bring a gift to help our Guild,
To feed the suffering poor.

Let not the canker worm of greed
Withhold thy generous hand,
But give, as God has blessed thy store,
This is our King's command.

The Express Companies are blest
With Christian men at head,
They'll send thy gifts both safe and free
Where sick and poor are fed.

Then come to our ingathering,
The admittance fee is small,—
A glass of jelly, or its price,
Admits you to our hall.

IN HONOR OF THE UNITY BOYS.

From out the breadth of this fair land
In homes replete with cheer,
The boys in health and strength have grown,
To manhood's early year.

They roamed thy hills fair Unity,
And gave life little thought,
Secure in health and happiness
Their daily tasks were wrought.

Life's highest aims a happy home,
In sweet content they grew,
From wee small boys, to sturdy youth
Brave, man-like, staunch and true.

But war's dark cloud began to rise,
Across the land and sea
And boys woke up to read and think,
And love sweet Liberty.

And then across the dark, deep sea,
Came this insistent cry
Dear brothers of America,
Come help us ere we die.

Our brave boys heard, and with a shout,
As one man answered they—
We come to help all foes to rout
And now they are on their way.

Come mothers, fathers, sisters, friends,
All loyal friends so true,
We'll raise our nation's flag to cheer,
All patriot hearts anew.

We'll also raise our service flag,
And let old glory see,
That by her stand—her brave young sons,
To shield her liberty.

Come then all friends and make this night,
A long remembered one.
When proud old glory counts her stars
Of many new born sons.

THE MODERN BELLE.

She sits in a fashionable parlor,
And rocks in her easy chair;
She is clad in silks and satins,
And jewels are in her hair;

She winks, and giggles, and simpers,
And simpers, and giggles, and winks,
And though she talks a little,
'Tis a good deal more than she thinks.

She lies a-bed in the morning
Till nearly the hour of noon,
Then comes down snapping and snarling
Because she was called so soon!
Her hair is still in papers,
Her cheeks still fresh with paint;
Remains of her last night's blushes
Before she intended to faint.

She doats upon men unshaven,
And men with "flowing hair;"
She's eloquent over mustaches,
They give such a foreign air!
She talks of Italian music,
And falls in love with the moon,
And if a mouse were to meet her,
She would sink away in a swoon.

Her feet are so very little,
Her hands are so very white,
Her jewels so very heavy,
And her head so very light,
Her color is made of cosmetics,
(Though this she never will own,)
Her body's mostly of cotton,
Her heart is made wholly of stone.

She falls in love with a fellow,
Who swells with a foreign air;
He marries her for her money,
She marries him for his hair,
One of the very best matches,
Both are well mated in life;
She's got a fool for a husband,
He's got a fool for a wife!

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

EXCUSE FOR NONSENSE.

Had I the power to send to you,
The good things that I would;
Believe me friend your Co. D.
Would have all earthly good.

But since that power is denied,
I'll try what I can do,
I'll make and send this nonsense book,
To cheer an hour for you.

All men love nonsense now and then.
But in their hearts deep fount,
They value more truth, honor, right,
And all good things that count.

And so I'll cut and snip and paste;
And send this book to thee,
And while I work I'll pray God's grace
May dwell with Co. D.

KATYDID.

I love to hear thine earnest voice,
Wherever thou art hid,
Thou testy little dogmatist,
Thou pretty katydid!
Thou 'mindest me of gentlefolks,—
Old gentlefolks are they—
Thou sayest an undisputed thing
In such a solemn way.

Thou art a female, katydid
I know it by the trill
That quivers through thy piercing notes,
So petulant and shrill.

I think there is a knot of you
  Beneath the hollow tree,—
A knot of spinster katydids:
  Do katydids drink tea?

Oh, tell me, where did Katy live,
  And what did Katy do?
And was she very fair and young,
  And yet so wicked, too?
Did Katy love a naughty man,
  Or kiss more cheeks than one?
I warrant Katy did no more
  Than many a Kate has done.

Dear me! I'll tell you all about
  My fuss with little Jane,
And Ann, with whom I used to walk
  So often down the lane,
And all that tore their locks of black
  Or wet their eyes of blue:
Pray, tell me, sweetest katydid,
  What did poor Katy do?

Ah no! the living oak shall crash,
  That stood for ages still,
The rock shall rend its mossy base
  And thunder down the hill,
Before the little katydid
  Shall add one word, to tell
The mystic story of the maid
  Whose name she knows so well.

Peace to the ever-murmuring race!
  And when the latest one
Shall fold in death her feeble wings
  Beneath the autumn sun,
Then shall she raise her fainting voice,
  And lift her drooping lid;
And then the child of future years
  Shall hear what Katy did.

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

DONOUGH COMPANY.

Do tell me what has happened,
To the firm of W. J.
The force are all demolished,
Since the big Boss slipped away.

There Coo Coo as an Auditor,
Has proved he is a sham,
And Phillips, general manager,
Watch him at faults who can.

And then too, the stenographer,
Has plainly to us shown,
A great desire to skimp her job,
Now since the Boss has flown.

They one and all are trying,
E'en too Bookkeeper Browne,
And Hans and Bud, truck drivers,
And men of such renown.

They all are idle, even down
To little Eden S.
And Hinkley too, oh, dear, oh dear,
How can I tell the rest!

Four cars of lumber on the side,
Notes due and naught to pay,
And Mr. Stoner overdrawn,
What will our poor Boss say?

Tell him to bring his wife and come,
And take his place in life,
We'll all wake up and do our best,
When once we have seen his wife.

A WINTER VIOLET.

I thought the flowers were sleeping,
All underneath the snow,
And would not wake to take a peep,
'Til warm spring winds would blow.

And so I would sit and think about
How lovely it would be,
When springtime comes, and flowers bloom,
That bring such joy to me.

But one sweet violet I found,
That had not gone to sleep,
Or if she had, she soon woke up,
From out the snow to peep.

Oh, dear, said she, how can I stay,
And not one visit take,
'Til Old King Sol warms up the ground,
And birds sing, flowers awake.

I would like to go around and see
Some sick people that I know,
There's Miss Browne I know for sure,
Would be glad if I would go.

I will wrap all up in papers,
And I'll jump into a sack,
Away I'll ride to Unity,
But then I'll soon come back.

And when the sack is opened,
The fragrance that will flow,
From this one little violet,
Will cause surprise, I know.

When I come home, I'll tell you,
How glad she was to see
A violet bloom in winter-time,
And glad that violet is me.

WAR WORK.

Ye ladies of North Bessemer
All honor be to you
You raised aloft your flag of state
And proved what you could do.

You worked against the weather,
The wind, the sun and rain,
You even tolled the autos
And gathered in your gain.

Five hundred some odd dollars,
The snug sum you turned in
To give your Township credit
And help this War to win.

Hats off, then, to the Captain
And to her aids most true
When Uncle Sam needs money
He'll come again to you.

I shall aid him in his coming
To worthy friends like you
By giving name of Captain
And all her loyal crew.

Mrs. Claton Gray, Captain
Mrs. Billman
Mrs. Corcoran
Mrs. Hedeen
Mrs. McKnight
Mrs. Hilmer
Mrs. Anderson
Mrs. Karl Johnson

TO MARION.

My sweetheart, I send you a present,
And one that will please you, I know,
A dear little wee flluffy kitten,
With fur soft and white as the snow.

You can play with it, dear one, and squeeze it,
And hug it up ever so tight,
You need not be afraid—it won't bite you,
It is gentle and always does right.

Tell mother I was good to Caesar,
And never abused him one bit,
Now she can return this small favor,
And let me give you this wee kit.

I will send it on Tuesday with Ola,
And hope it may come to no harm,
The weather so cold, it might freeze it,
But I'll box it up good and warm.

Tell Dada to bring you to Grandma's,
And let the wee kittie come, too,
And we will go walking together,
Your Grandma, your kittie, and you.

ODE TO A NECK PIECE OF FUR.

It is said that every dog has his day,
I believe every kitty has, too,
I mind when you first came to me
You were clean, white and perfectly new.

But into the town you would go
Country life with you did not agree
And now, broken down and worn out
Poor kitty, you came home to me.

But water and soap have held sway
Until even your hide is worn through
I shall have to convert you today
Into something entirely new.

You were always a fraud as a cat
And never would even say mew
I will make you now into a muff
It is really the best I can do.

Now go to the city and stay
And get what enjoyment you can.
A cat has nine lives, so they say,
You, Kitty, was only only a sham.

TO A BOY WITH A GIFT.

Keep pennies here and on each side
As they keep overflowing,
There dollar seed in dimes can be,
Placed here to still keep growing.

They soon will grow into a tree,
Of verdure, strength and beauty.
Each branch will bear abundantly,
Of friendship, love and duty.

Or, visa versa, as you will,
But by your past good showing.
I think you make your dollars still
Keep bright and ever-growing.

The card you sent to me, my friend,
Is dainty, sweet and grand.
Its neatness, coloring, size, all tend
To show your master hand.

You will not be much edified
By reading this, my verse,
But kindly think of me and use
This Russian Leather Purse.

CURIOSITY.

A wee, small bird imprisoned,
In a window-seat one day,
O'erheard two ladies talking,
And this she heard them say.

I would love to know if Sadie,
So far out in the West,
Will find herself a husband,
Or still live singly blessed.

The little bird came fluttering,
Oh, ladies, let me go,
I'll get the news, and trust me,
To tell you all I know.

Come, spread thy wings, dear birdie,
Fly quickly Westward Ho,
Don't stop your flight 'til you find out
If Sadie has a beaux.

Please treat this birdie kindly,
We only let it go,
To gather news about you,
Because we love you so.

TO OUR BRAVE SOLDIERS,

GREETING:

Fair Unity is proud tonight
And honored thus to be
Allowed to greet her noble sons
Soldiers of liberty!

We sent you forth into the fray
With hearts so filled with pain.
Oh, Unity is glad tonight
To meet with you again.

In future days, let come what will
This blessing still remains
What while stern duty called you forth
God brought you home again.

The Missionary Ladies all,
True to their motherhood,
Have labored hard to spread a feast
For you, of all things good.

The Mission Circle Girls are here
In all their glorious youth.
They bring bright roses for the boys
Who fought for home and truth.

They are proud to claim acquaintance
With all the brave and true.
If you can win their favor
All honor be to you.

Our pastor, Reverend Comble
Has found another field.
But believe me, Reverend Wishart
Can a Father's love reveal.

Then reinlist, ye soldiers,
And battle for God's word.
With His love shining on you
Fight now for Christ your Lord.

OUR SOLDIER DEAD.

God, in His mercy, has called hence,
Three of our soldiers dear.
Our thoughts in pity reach the homes,
All stricken hearts to cheer.

Dear loved ones, how we sympathize,
With you in this your loss.
And here we pray that Christ will help
You bear this heavy cross.

They are not dead, they sleep to wake,
When God his trump shall sound.
A vast eternity of life
Your soldier boys have found.

No more can wars assail
And call them o'er the seas.
They crossed the Top, they wait you now,
In God's eternity.

YOUR HOUSE.

Be true to yourself at the start, young man,
Be true to yourself and God;
Ere you build your house, mark well the spot,
Test well the ground, and build you not
On the sand or shaking sod.

Build slow and sure; 'tis for life, young man,
A life that outlives the breath;
For who shall gainsay the holy word?
"Their works do follow them," saith the Lord,
"Therein there is no death."

Build deep, and high, and broad, young man,
As the needful case demands;
Let your title-deeds be clear and bright,
Till you enter your claim to the Lord of Light,
For the "House not made with hands."

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

THREE APPLES I STOLE.

Under an apple tree one day,
I swiped three apples from the hay,
Then I came back and began to play,
Mother came down the steps on a run,
And said, "Robert, did you take those apples for fun?"
And I said, "Yes, my mother dear,"
She answered, "Oh, you are so queer."

Then for once, Mother got in a flurry,
And said, "Now you get over there in a hurry",
I got three apples, the number I took,
What I was to tell her I knew like a book,
The speech I said with quite a good grace,
The length between lines had considerable space,
Mrs. Thompson said, "Oh, that's all right,"
But mother held me down pretty tight,
And then Miss Meyers, the good saint that she is,
Took it in her head this was some of her biz,
She brought me a plate of things that were nice,
Which all disappeared out of sight in a trice.
My hopes gave a bound, but they were soon downed,

When Mrs. Thompson again came around,
Mother said the house was mine for seven days of light,
And Mrs. Thompson said, "My boy, your mother is quite right".
But mother repented the very next day,
And said I might resume my play.
I never would do that again you may bet,
For I have not heard the last of it yet.

—R. K. Elder.

WHEN BOB WON.

"Hurrah!" Reddy Jones burst into Bob Gordon's room with this shout, but paused a moment to survey the room and its occupant before breaking his news. Very little could be seen, however, of the occupant. A pair of feet resting on the hearth, and from the top of the chair a shock of brown hair, all half-concealed by a cloud of cigarette smoke. Red shook his head, evidently not quite pleased with his survey, but nevertheless he continued. "Say, Bob wake up! What do you think has happened? Jim Reed broke his ankle last night and can't play in the Lehigh game, so Coach Brown said he would give you a chance. Aren't you glad? Just think a mere Freshie, with a chance like that!"

"Oh, gee!" Bob finally took enough interest to sit up straight, "why don't you leave a fellow alone when he's asleep? You seem to forget that I didn't get in until four this morning."

"But heavens man, do you realize the importance of this thing I just told you? Oh, boy! I only wish I had the chance," continued Reddy. This last speech made Bob grin, for the very thought of Reddy, five foot four and weighing a hundred and seventy pounds, playing center, was amusing.

Finally Bob condescended to stand up and stretched languidly. "Why such excitement Reddy? I really don't believe I'll accept the honor Brown has bestowed upon me. I'd rather be a 'scrub.' They have a much easier time."

"Oh, come," Reddy said, disgust written plainly on his naturally jovial face, "do get some ambition Bob. I'm ashamed of you. Buck up, old man and play."

"But look at the disadvantages," continued Bob. "There's that 60 in chemistry. I would simply have to make that up, and I can just picture Brown saying to me, "Now Gordon no more cigarettes, pastries, sleepless nights, etc. He makes me tired."

"Yes, but on the other hand," sair Reddy, "think of some of the advantages. First, you owe it to good, old Bucknell; then you know how proud your Dad would be if you played on the first team and really made something of yourself, and last but not least, said Red, (with a sly wink at nothing in particular), you know how fond Dot is of athletics."

This last shot had the desired effect, making Bob's face redder, and his shoulders straighten perceptibly. For it was a well-known fact that Jim Reed, the center who was hurt, had been slowly but surely "cutting Bob out" with Dorothy Calhoun, the girl he had liked since kindergarten days. However since entering college Dot hadn't cared much for Bob, as they all thought he was utterly without ambition, and it was a common saying among the professors, that it was too bad that Dick Gordon's son was such a worthless young scamp.

At last Bob looked up with a sheepish smile and said, "Well, Red, give me until tonight to think it over."

"All right, but mind you Bob, be sure to decide favorably, and I'll be around about eight o'clock." With that Reddy dashed out of the room.

Bob Gordon sat for a long time before the fire, weighing the matter carefully. It was not merely

the game he was thinking of, but whether to change his mode of life in order to play in that game, or to continue in the same rut that he had been in since entering college.

The moments slipped slowly by, but by six o'clock Bob had made up his mind. He consulted the coach and his chemistry teacher that evening. When Red arrived at eight o'clock, it was not necessary for him to ask Bob his decision, as it was apparent. The room no longer reeked with smoke. Bob, sitting before his desk was writing as if his life depended upon it and without stopping or glancing up, he informed Red that he was doing some back work in chemistry.

The two weeks before the Lehigh game slowly passed. It had traveled like wildfire through the school that Bob Gordon was going to play center, when they met Lehigh in the last game of the season, and that incidently he was going through the most rigid training and Coach Brown thought he would make a star player.

The great night finally came. The gymnasium was thronged with people. Near the front stood Bob's father, Reddy Jones and Dot Calhoun. Not a little of the interest was centered around Gordon, for everyone knew that a large part of the game depended upon him, as Reed had been their star player.

The whistle blew and the ball was tossed up. From the first the spectators on both sides were breathless with excitement, for they could easily see that this was going to be a close game, and the championship depended upon it.

At the end of the first quarter the score was 6-5, in favor of Lehigh. Thus it continued, first one side being ahead and then the other. By the beginning of the fourth quarter the score was 19-18 still favoring Lehigh. The excitement was intense, no one could score; only one more minute to play. At this instant Jack Craig, guard, sent the ball flying into

Bob's hands. Bob was standing almost in the center of the floor; as his hands closed over the ball, he made a mighty effort and threw for the basket. For a breathless moment the ball seemed to hang in mid-air, then fell gracefully through the ring.

"Time" called the referee. Bucknell had won. A wild cheer broke from the Bucknell rooters and Bob Gordon was lifted high on the shoulders of his comrades. However he escaped as soon as possible and sought his dad.

The light in his father's eyes and his handclasp pleased Bob even more than the words "Son I am mighty proud of you, for I know you have at last become a MAN."

Reddy nearly smothered him in an estatic bear-hug.

As for Dot—but sufficient to say that from that time forth she was entirely "his girl."

And the faculty now points with pride to Bob and says, "The best all-around man in this college."

—Marion V. Elder.

THE ONE TALENT MAN.

He couldn't sing, and he couldn't play,
He couldn't speak, and he couldn't pray,
He'd try to read, but break right down,
Then sadly grieve at smile or frown,
While some with talents ten begun,
He started out with only one.
"With this," he said, "I'll do my best,
And trust the Lord to do the rest."
His trembling hand and tearful eye,
Gave forth a world of sympathy.
When all alone with one distressed,
He whispered words that calmed that breast,
And little children learned to know,

When grieved and troubled where to go.
He loved the birds, the flowers, the trees,
And, loving him, his friends loved these.
His homely features lost each trace
Of homliness, and in his face
There beamed a kind and tender light
That made surrounding features bright.
When illness came, he smiled at fears,
And bade his friends to dry their tears;
He said, "Good-bye," and all confess,
He made of life a grand success.

—Selected.

DISBANDING.

Now children, we have come to that part of a visit that makes me sad, makes me stand and look back over the pleasant paths we have walked together. I look back and try to review each hour to see if we might have made better use of our time. We can never hear too often of the strength and power of thoughts. It is said that no real worthy worker is ever satisfied with the amount of labor he has accomplished. Never let yourself get too enthralled or busy that you cannot take time to be kind. A great writer has said, It is not enough to go when duty calls, but we should stay where we can hear the call; says also that if we could succeed in our Christian life, we must in that, as in everything else we do, marshall all the forces of our mind and put and keep every faculty at work and never be satisfied 'til we know we have done our very best for God, for ourselves and the world around us.

MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.

This book is all that's left me now:
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lip and throbbing brow,
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past
Here is our family tree:
My mother's hand this Bible clasp'd;
She, dying, gave it me.

Ah! well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the hearthstone used to close
After the evening prayer,
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill:
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!

My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters, dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who leaned God's word to hear!
Her angel face,—I see it yet
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the halls of home!

Thou truest friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried:
When all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy:
In teaching me the way to live,
It taught me how to die.

—Osgood's Fifth Reader.

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